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MR. MACDONALD'S statement in the House of Commons on land settlement in Palestine will have great repercussions throughout the world. Informed Englishmen of all parties are as troubled as the Jews are angry. We offered Palestine to the Jews as a national home; what remains is too easily described as a ghetto. Save for a small area all future partition and settlement of land by Jews is now forbidden. This is an undisguised violation of the Mandate, as the League's Mandate Commission have plainly recognised. To recognise this as a heavy blow to the Jews and to urge their special needs in this terrible period to their racial history is not to disregard the inconsistent promises made to the Arabs and the needs of that backward people. An imaginative Government would long ago have formed a policy to suit the real needs of both races. The right policy was to regard Palestine as a single problem and to break up the large Arab estates under some such plan as the Irish Land Acts; the Government should then itself have undertaken the comprehensive development of the whole area. Palestine is a country in which given irrigation, a family can be prosperous on two acres, whereas if there is no irrigation, it will be miserable on twenty.

Freedom in France

The French Premier made an important concession when he announced that he had given orders to the Directors of the Censorship, and to all who represent the Government in its dealings with the press that entirely free expression of political opinion should be allowed from this time on. This victory for commonsense is regarded as a personal triumph for M. Blum. It means that many of the gross absurdities of Anastasia, as the French call their censor, will disappear from the French press; presumably *Le Populaire* and the writings of Pertinax and M. de Kerillis will now appear without cuts which completely destroy their argument. This new freedom does not, presumably, apply to the Communist Party, which was proscribed as an illegal organisation after its change of front early in the war. Vigorous criticism has appeared in this paper and elsewhere of the repression in France. It is right to make such criticisms since every government which assumes authoritarian powers tends to abuse these powers, and it is the peculiar function of the press to ask questions about their exercise and particularly in wartime to play the part of watchdog for individual liberty. There would have been no relaxation of the censorship in France had there been no protests, and if there are now some signs that in other respects the French authorities are relaxing their restrictions or improving the conditions of those in detention, that is in large part to be attributed to criticisms such as have appeared in our correspondence columns and elsewhere.

Spokesmen of Europe

No observer of this mad Europe—Mr. Sumner Welles on tour of the capital cities comes naturally to mind—can have failed to notice some curious contrasts in the speeches of the various national spokesmen during the last week. The Führer, he will have remarked, has, for the time at least, abandoned his talk of peace; not content with ridiculing the pluto-democracies he made it clear that he intended their present regimes to play no part in the settlement that he proposes for Europe. Significantly, too, he said, in referring to Soviet-German partnership that it was not his way "to do things by halves." Contrast Britain, where Lord Halifax, speaking as always with distinction and almost other-worldly refinement, exhorted young men to fight for a tottering civilisation. Mr. Chamberlain, in his home town more vigorous and self-assured than usual, quoted Dr. Goebbels to drive home the point that Germany aims at the total destruction of Britain and the domination of Europe. While very definite about an independent Poland and Czechoslovakia, Mr. Chamberlain insisted that it is not an imposed settlement we desire, but rather one in which others, including Germans, will share. For the first time a mention of religious liberty appears among the allied war aims. It is rumoured that this is the first article in a charter that Mr. Roosevelt is said to be drafting.

Mr. Lloyd George and the Land

On Wednesday at the Home Defence lunch Mr. Lloyd George, warned us that our home food production is down as compared to the last war and our shipping difficulties not less great. He said that if we wish to shorten the war or to negotiate a good peace (sooner or later we must negotiate) we ought immediately to drop our town-mindedness and cultivate our gardens and fields. We forget how dependent we are on foreign foodstuffs; we must buy foodstuffs for our animals if not directly for ourselves. "We are eating foreign food when we eat a spare rib from a British pig." All this Mr. Lloyd George has said with eloquence, humour and vitality many times. We need his detailed scheme and his solution of the complex problems of the best economic balance in this country. Can the job be done without nationalising the land? To which Mr. Lloyd George would probably answer that it was managed—barely managed—in the last war and that if he were at the Ministry of Food or otherwise in charge it would be managed again. Mr. Lloyd George, like Hitler, still has a dynamic personality—one that has gone out of almost all our present rulers and which may not be recoverable without a surprising shift of the class structure of Britain.

Mr. Churchill

Mr. Churchill is another exception. His stocktaking in the House on Tuesday was witty and almost lighthearted. It also contained several disclosures. It told the world that five new battleships will be ready shortly, but it admitted that the *Nelson* had been damaged by a mine, though she will soon be in commission again. More startling was his confession that the sinking of the *Royal Oak* had led to the disuse of Scapa Flow. Mr. Churchill expects that Germany will soon be able to send out two new submarines, "or even more," every week, a somewhat disturbing prospect; but he claimed that when they do expose themselves to attack, we "kill" two or even more in a week. But as a whole the speech was confident; and gave good reasons for its faith, among them the success of the Navy's scientists in their work of detection and invention. Mr. Ronald Cross, in reply to Mr. Mander, gave a complete denial to the report that copper ore from Rio Tinto is reaching Germany. He insists, surprisingly, that it is all consumed in Spain.

The War at Sea

Last week the German authorities issued figures purporting to show that Allied and neutral vessels with a total tonnage of 1,810,000 had been sunk since the outbreak of war. This week the French Admiralty has retorted with a communiqué which puts total sinkings at 1,065,000 tons, involving 312 vessels. British losses make up well over half this total, at 590,000 tons. The French loss is given as 66,000; and the balance is made up of neutral vessels, with a tonnage of nearly 409,000. It is, of course, very natural that the Germans should largely overestimate the amount of tonnage sunk, as they can have no certain information about the sinkings due to mines, and even submarine sinkings and sinkings from the air can easily be misreported. What the figures make clear is the great extent to which the German warfare at sea is directed against neutral vessels. For purposes of comparison, it may be noted that at the end of 1938 the total United Kingdom tonnage was roughly 17½ millions, excluding new vessels, sailing vessels and all vessels of less than 100 tons. French tonnage, similarly calculated, was nearly three millions, and total world tonnage nearly 67 millions. British launchings in 1938 were just over a million tons, and French launchings 47,000 tons. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Belgium together launched 650,000 tons. Thus the German sinkings, assuming the correctness of the French figures, exceeded the pre-war rate of replacement by new construction, but not, it would seem, by enough margin to cause really serious anxiety. Finance, rather than shipping, is likely to be the "bottleneck."

The Northern Front

The Finns now admit that they have retired from the fortified island of Koivisto, and from the Western end of the Mannerheim Line. It was a deliberate retreat in good order, for the garrison was able to remove its guns. The result is that the way is now clear for the Russians to advance over the frozen waters of the deep inlet of the Gulf that outflanks Vipuri. That ancient city is now only a heap of ruins, but its exposure will soon compel a further abandonment of fortified positions up to the lakes that lie north of the town. We hope it is true that these abandoned positions were only the weaker outposts of the Line, built recently and in haste; but we have our doubts. Meanwhile, the responsible Scandinavian statesmen were meeting at Copenhagen. Nothing resulted save a decision to address "strong," meaning emphatic protests to the belligerents. These unlucky neutrals are paralysed. As for the controversy between the British and Norwegian Governments over the *Altmark*, it has become much less obscure than it seemed last week. It appears that Professor Koht was speaking from memory when he said that last summer the Admiralty contracted out of the provisions of the Hague Convention that limit the right of warships to linger in neutral territorial waters. On the contrary, Whitehall expressly accepted the limitation of their stay to twenty-four hours. The *Altmark* had enjoyed Norwegian protection for a full 48 hours and purposed an even longer trespass. With this correction the legal is as clear as the moral aspect of the British case. Why, then, should we delay in accepting a reference of the dispute to arbitration?

The Censor's Victory

The Americans have decided that after the middle of March their Clippers shall fly directly from Baltimore to the Azores, omitting the Bermudas. This is their reply to the rigidity of our claim to censor their mail. The story that we received one of their planes with fixed bayonets is apocryphal, but it had its effect on their public opinion. They had offered two concessions: (1), to exclude from the mail bags everything but paper, since we had complained that diamonds and pearls were carried and (2), to submit to censorship correspondence destined directly or indirectly for Germany. With this handsome compromise we were not content, and the result is that we have lost any opportunity to exercise even a limited censorship. What remains after this unpleasant episode? "Why," as the Queen said to Alice, "the dog's temper of course." That is not what we should have chosen to retain.

Silvertown and Kettering

The result of the Silvertown election must have surprised even the most optimistic Labour supporter. On a higher poll than at Southwark, the Communist and Fascist candidates could not together collect 1,200 votes in a purely working-class constituency. The result is the more remarkable when we remember that Harry Pollitt is one of the best platform speakers in the country. But he suffered under three disadvantages: he found himself in the company of a Fascist preaching a too similar doctrine about the war; he had to explain away his own forcible pamphlet in support of prosecuting the war; and lastly, though he demanded that the war should be stopped, he did not explain how this should be done. Undoubtedly the Communists have lost most of their mass-support, particularly since the Russian invasion of Finland. Though they still retain the devotion of some sections of the middle-class and working-class intelligentsia, their obvious subservience to Russia makes them unable to canalise the discontent with the National Government which continues to grow throughout the country. The anti-war candidate at Kettering may do better, since he will be fighting a Conservative in a constituency with a strong Labour movement. He has, of course, been disowned both by the Boot and Shoe Operatives and by the local Labour Party.

The Pensioners and the Means Test

When the House of Commons debated the financial resolution preceding the Old Age Pensions Bill this week, a number of Conservative Members came out in opposition to the proposal to institute a means test and to place its administration in the hands of the reinforced Unemployment Assistance Board. After a long debate, in which many Labour Members took part, Mr. Rhys Davies's amendment, to delete from the resolution all provisions relating to the means test, was only defeated by 169 votes to 126—a narrow margin in view of the size of the Government's majority. Sir Percy Harris, speaking for the Liberals, made a good point when he protested strongly against the introduction of the means test into what is essentially a social insurance service; for it has hitherto been a considered principle that social insurance benefits, as distinct from U.A.B. and P.A.C. payments, should be paid as of right, without any test of means; and the departure from this principle in the case of old age pensions obviously opens the door wide for similar treatment of other social services, such as health or even unemployment insurance. Wartime economy has no doubt to be considered; but it is a bad beginning to enforce it by a highly undesirable innovation at the expense of a section of the population which lives admittedly very near the margin of subsistence and has less than any other section, except the children, the power to help itself.

The Building Societies and the Borders Case

Our reference to the Borders case a fortnight ago has given rise to serious misunderstandings which we are anxious to remove. The major point at issue in that case, as we remarked, was whether Building Societies can be made responsible in damages for fraudulent advertising carried on by speculative builders with whom they may be associating; and we argued that there would be something seriously wrong with the law if it permitted this without providing any means of redress for the unfortunate purchaser. We did not, of course, imply that all or indeed many Building Societies would knowingly countenance a fraudulent use of their names, still less that there was in general an "unholy alliance" between the Societies on the one side and the builders on the other to defraud the public. What we did suggest was that, if a Building Society engages in a kind of partnership with a builder, it ought not to reject all responsibilities for his activities; and we argued that the law, in its existing state, can be and is being abused by an irresponsible minority. A law cannot be considered satisfactory merely because the vast majority of those affected are not damaged by its defects; and we are not convinced that the 1939 Act by any means removes all the defects of this particular law. The leading Building Societies, should in their own interests press for more drastic legislation to penalise that pernicious minority which makes the sufferings of a few thousands more notorious than the well-being of the majority of house-purchasers.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain a Literary Supplement and a selected list of new books to be published in the spring.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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THE KEYNES PLAN

A study of its details only confirms our first impression that Mr. Keynes's revised plan is the first statesmanlike proposal for the conduct of the finances of a democracy in war[*]. While Sir John Simon appeals vaguely for sacrifice and the Labour party replies with a demand for equality, Mr. Keynes has shown how the cost may be met in a way that will ease the transition to peace and achieve a real advance towards social equality. And he demonstrates that the only probable alternatives involve social injustices immeasurably more serious than any disadvantages which may attach to his plan.

The central problem of war economy is not how much the civil population shall consume, but how the limited supply of goods can best be distributed. It is useless for the Trade Unions to concentrate their attention on raising money wages when there is only a strictly limited amount to purchase. Their job is to see not that their steadily increasing membership receive increasing wage-packets which buy decreasing quantities of goods; but that in the decrease of consumption which must take place, the burden is not made to fall too heavily on the poor. This could, of course, be done by a scheme of rationing all consumers' goods, but Mr. Keynes is surely right in arguing that such a scheme is not practical politics. Another method—apparently the Government's present policy—is to let us quietly slip into inflation, thus jeopardising the savings of the poor and benefiting the financial and landed interests. But if we reject both these methods, what remains?

So far the argument follows quite conventional lines though Mr. Keynes expounds it with quite unusual force and clarity. It is at the following stage that something new appears. The old orthodox answer used to be that all would be well if the State raised the levels of current taxation high enough to restrict consumers' incomes to the required level. This, in a sense, is what Mr. Keynes proposes; but, as he rightly points out, no such immense rise in taxation is practicable as long as we remain within the orthodox conceptions of taxation; nor is the proposal of a wartime capital levy any answer, because what is needed is a transfer, not of capital or capital values, but of the immediate right to consume current output.

Mr. Keynes therefore proposes to meet the situation by means of an ingenious combination of taxation with "deferred pay" and with a system of family allowances designed to mitigate hardships and to institute a real reform based on social justice. This revised plan is an immense advance on the schemes originally put forward by Mr. Keynes in his *Times* articles some months ago. The time to carry family allowances is a moment when war compels us to think of the nation's children as morally our own and, incidentally, it is easier to accomplish during a period of inflation.

In the absence of reliable statistics, the precise figures are inevitably open to some doubt; but Mr. Keynes is entitled to claim that no inaccuracy in them can affect the general substance of his conclusions. Taking the total national income at pre-war prices at rather under £5,000 millions, he estimates that it *might* be possible to finance an additional war expenditure of £1,250 millions by "normal" methods without inflation, on the assumption that production had been raised to the highest possible point, but that anything beyond this must involve recourse to extraordinary measures. It is, however, practically certain that the wartime rate of expenditure will be much above this, especially if the policy of subsidising basic necessaries is persisted in. Even so, inflation would not be unavoidable, if we were free to deplete our resources of foreign exchange and overseas securities on the assumption of a short war. But Mr. Keynes is right in arguing that we cannot do this, but must act on the assumption of a prolonged struggle; and, on this assumption, he cannot be far wrong in holding that, after making all reasonable allowance for voluntary savings, there is a gap of the order of £500 or £600 millions a year to be bridged. This gap can be easily bridged by inflation; but only at the cost of huge gains to the richer at the expense of the poorer classes and of dangerous social upheavals. It can be bridged without these consequences only by some such scheme as he has put forward.

His revised plan, for a levy on all incomes above certain basic levels, is made bearable by the association with it of a scheme of family allowances at the rate of 5*s.* a week per child. It would mean, broadly, that for families including two dependent children the sum remaining for consumption would be actually *increased* for heads of households receiving less than about 74*s.* a week, but progressively decreased for those getting more than this amount; and it would mean that, instead of nearly the whole of the National Debt belonging to the rich after the war, a substantial fraction of it would belong to the poor. Moreover, Mr. Keynes proposes that the burden of this part of the debt should be wiped off by a capital levy immediately after the war, and that, during the war, consumers should be safeguarded by keeping down prices for an "iron ration" of basic necessaries, with provision for wage increases should the price of this iron ration rise. At many other points, Mr. Keynes has strengthened the case put forward in his original articles. His provisions for the release of the blocked income for certain essential purposes, his condition that "deferred pay" shall not be counted in means test and similar calculations, his concession of freedom to deposit the sums accruing as "deferred pay" in the hands of Trade Unions or Friendly Societies—all these, as well as his inclusion of family allowances, the "iron ration" and provision for a capital levy after the war, make his revised plan proof against the major criticisms directed at his original proposals.

In spite of the cautious approval of the *Times*, the Keynes plan, precisely because it involves a large measure of redistribution of wealth, both present and prospective, will not be generally welcome to the wealthier class. No one likes the prospect of being taxed even more than now, even if the taxation takes the shape of deferred payment. But, since we must in effect be taxed in one way or another, the Trade Unions and the Labour Party have the most powerful reasons for preferring that form of taxation which will best safeguard the minimum standard of life and bring about, both now and later, the maximum redistribution of wealth and incomes in the interests of the great majority of the people.

For this reason we urge the Trade Unions and the Labour Party to give the plan their careful and immediate consideration. It offends against many cherished principles of orthodox Trade Unionism and will need much patient explanation, if it is to be made acceptable to a working-class accustomed to test prosperity by the weight of the wage-packet and politics by a simple money standard. But in the present emergency the Labour Movement cannot, in their own interest, afford to surrender the conservatism of its members. The longer Labour and Sir John Simon drift on without a plan, the more will prices have risen, and the greater will be the gulf that will have to be bridged. There is no doubt at all that the Keynes plan, in its new form, involves a redistribution in favour of the working classes much larger than anything proposed by either of the Labour Governments of the past and also, we believe, much larger than anything involved in the earlier stages of the Labour Party's existing programme. Nor is there any doubt that it possesses the immense advantage of securing a large instalment of social justice by methods which will at the same time do more than anything else to secure the effective prosecution of the war in its economic aspects. So cogent a combination of arguments is not lightly to be disregarded.

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[*] *How to Pay for the War.* Macmillan. 1s.

We urge Labour to endorse the general lines of the plan before the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been driven by financial exigencies to devise a colourable imitation of it which will have, in reality, a quite different incidence, and will not bring about the instalment of social justice which is a basic ingredient of it in the present form. As Mr. Keynes reminds us, France as well as Germany has already put burdens on the wage-earners far beyond anything suggested here; and it would not be very difficult to work out a plan which, superficially like Mr. Keynes's, would really tax the poor for the benefit of the rich. The Keynes plan, in something like its present form, is the logical complement to rationing of essential commodities of which a shortage exists, and not a rival. It is the complement and not the rival of the proposal for a levy on capital. It squares entirely with what the Trade Unions and the Labour Party are demanding: it is the means whereby what they demand can be achieved. And finally, as every day's delay aggravates the problem, the sooner these bodies force Sir John Simon's hand, the better.

THE GERMAN ARMY IN POLAND

(From an Eye-witness in Poland)

The Polish population of the territories now occupied by the Germans experienced a German military government during the last war. But the methods and the spirit of Hitler's troops are not those of the German Imperial Army.

The troops who first entered Warsaw in October showed few of the external symptoms of weariness which are expected after a military campaign. They were transported in motor trucks and even in passenger motor cars during the campaign, and even the artillery was almost entirely motorised. Later troops arrived who looked quite different—infantry exhausted by long marches, trains and artillery driven by horses. It was surprising that, despite every effort to maintain a regular food supply and in spite of the presence of a large number of field-kitchens, German soldiers rushed to the few Warsaw restaurants which still stood and which were at that time only distributing soups of doubtful quality, containing at best a bit of horse meat as an attraction. This German hunt for food in the half-destroyed and starving city took on such proportions that the military authorities had to forbid the sale of food stuffs to all German troops. Finally soldiers were forbidden, after many cases of Nazi looting, to enter food shops.

The old German army usually respected private property. The Nazi army seems to regard plunder as normal. During the first days of occupation robbery was conducted under the pretence of searching for arms. All sharp instruments, razors and even penknives, were seized. Watches, money and other valuables were taken at the same time. In Warsaw and other large cities whole blocks of houses were surrounded by troops while a general search was carried out under the direction of Gestapo officers. Searches in Jewish quarters usually resulted in the expropriation of every kind of portable property—food was often taken as well as money and jewellery. Receipts were seldom given to the owners. A Warsaw jeweller, Luxemburg, seventy years old, was shot for possessing arms. He possessed no arms. His crime was to argue with the soldiers who seized his stock of jewellery. One could often see a German soldier entering a Jewish shop with a woman (many German women have entered Poland), and leaving it with bunches of gowns on his arms. Sometimes you can hear the Jewish saleswoman shouting and arguing, only to be brought to her senses by the fists of the plunderer who puts his prize into a car and goes off with his companion. Sometimes, again, German soldiers enter a shop and choose goods worth many hundred marks, for which they pay by leaving two or three marks on the counter. Many merchants have closed their shops and passed their remaining goods over to street merchants who run smaller risks.

There have been cases where soldiers, frightened by threats of complaint to their officers, have returned stolen money. More often the German authorities have merely ill-treated the people who have complained. No doubt there is a difference here between the military authorities and the Party organisation. The military authorities have some consideration for military discipline, while the Party tolerates and encourages loot for demagogic reasons.

This dualism between the Nazi Party and the Army is seen in the whole German administration in Poland. In view of the German tradition and systematic bureaucracy there is an astonishing impression of lack of system. To-day there is much improvisation and a lack of co-ordination. A Jewish ghetto was set up by order in Warsaw between the 5th and 8th November, 1939. An armed detachment of the Gestapo police entered the offices of the Jewish community and arrested all the members of the Board, the staff and everyone who happened to be present. All these people were made personally responsible for carrying out the order to move all Jews into the district chosen. Sanitary considerations were given as the reason. It soon became known that this order was a total surprise to the majority of the German authorities. Neither the German Lord Mayor of the City nor the Chief of the Sanitary Military Services, Dr. Richter, knew anything about it. The latter especially was frightened of epidemics amongst the exhausted and ruined population. Cases of typhus and of dysentery had already occurred among the German soldiers in the early autumn. The Jewish district (always neglected in peacetime as far as sanitary conditions are concerned), became the source of epidemics in consequence of lack of water supply, the destruction of the drainage system and the physical weakness of the population. The creation of the ghetto involved not only moving the Jews to their new homes, but also the disposal of the "Aryans" who lived in these districts. About 300,000 people were to be displaced in a city in which one-third of the houses had been destroyed and one-half of the rest made unsuitable for habitation. For these reasons this project, invented by the Gestapo officers, had to be postponed; the only result was an occasion for further persecution of the Jewish population.

Another contrast with the old Imperial Army is that Hitler's army advances with propaganda. Even official announcements about such matters as foreign exchange regulations are filled up with propaganda-formulae. So are the anti-Jewish proclamations published under the guise of anti-profiteering measures. Sometimes, especially during the first days after the occupation, propaganda took different forms. You could see a soldier tearing a fur coat down from a lady's shoulder and throwing it to a poor woman standing in a shop queue. A soldier would knock down a Jew selling onions in the street; he would take his place and sell them for a cheaper price. Of course he himself pocketed the money he got for the merchandise he sold. Such efforts to win the sympathy of the mob had no success and were not continued.

Restrictions imposed on the German soldiers in regard to their relations with the population are usually strictly observed. But there are many facts which show that the morale of the army is by no means conspicuously good. Some of the soldiers, completely convinced by propaganda, are fanatics who believe that Germany can defeat the whole world. On the other hand a German soldier quartered in a Polish flat expressed the following opinion: "We have surrounded you, that is true, but we ourselves are still much more surrounded, and ruin is what we expect, and all this because of the fault of one man." Another soldier, living at a farmer's house, looked at the portrait of a Polish leader and said: "Yes, there are the people that wanted war, neither you nor we wanted it." In the same way some elements in the army persecute the Jews with conviction and enthusiasm, throwing them out of trains, buses and queues. There are exceptions. A German stopped a passing Jew and asked him: "Are you a Jew?" This question is usually the prelude to persecution. In this case the soldier warned the Jew not to go farther as a general anti-Jew search was in progress in the neighbourhood.

On another occasion German soldiers were searching the flat of a Mr. P., a Warsaw lawyer of Jewish origin and an officer of the reserve. It happened that he forgot, in handing over his revolver, to give up his cartridges which lay in his desk and were found in the search. The Germans filled up a statement and left the flat with threats. An hour later the German officer who conducted the search visited the frightened man and told him privately what to say in order to avoid difficulties. There have been many similar examples.

Occasionally the German minority in Poland has also been persecuted. In a village with a mixed German-Polish population soldiers were requisitioning timber from a German colonist. The latter protested violently, arguing that being a *Volksdeutsche*, he was free from requisitions. He got as reply that being a German he ought to be only too glad to know that his timber would be burned by the German army. At a village in the neighbourhood soldiers requisitioned pigs at a German farm in spite of violent protests from the farmer's wife. They gave her a receipt for the pigs, remarking that Mr. Chamberlain would pay for them! The woman, not an expert on foreign affairs, read the receipt, and then asked where the man Chamberlain could be found and if he was in the nearest town. The soldiers told her that this was so and the woman duly appeared at the office asking for Mr. Chamberlain!

The Gestapo had also to deal with the difficult problem of Soviet-German relations in the new frontier districts. Violent propaganda and irregular brutalities were rare and the military showed a great reserve and even distrust in relation to their new neighbour. At a time when there was much bewilderment because part of Poland under German occupation was handed over to the U.S.S.R., the Nazis explained that the Soviets would repay their debt by helping Germany on the Western Front. This helped the Gestapo to deal with discontent amongst troops who were destined for the Western Front and who did not hide their respect for the French Army. A German officer riding in a car to Biala Podlaska heard that the Soviet troops had occupied it; he ordered his chauffeur to return immediately, muttering: "To hell, I nearly fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks." But this term is now seldom used. A lady who had Germans billeted in her house reports that each time she employed the term "Bolshevik," the officers corrected her by saying "Russians." They feared contact between the German soldiers and the Red Army and immediately began to dig trenches on the new frontier.

I will conclude this report by emphasising the contrast between the behaviour of the German army (which still has a tradition and an etiquette), and that of the Nazis. A German soldier to whom a woman complained about the ruthlessness of the army replied: "You complain about the army? See what will happen when 100,000 Brown Shirts arrive." The contrast was real. The brutality of the troops was incidental to an invasion and the population could regard it as almost a natural catastrophe, but the rule of the Gestapo is a system of organised cruelty far more intolerable than the strictly military regime of the old imperial army.

A LONDON DIARY

The contrast between reading and listening to Hitler's speeches is really amazing. When I read the newspaper reports of Hitler's *Hofbraühaus* oration, I could scarcely recognise the performance I had heard on Saturday. Hitler was obviously among friends and speaking, I think, without notes; after a halting opening, he kept his old Party comrades in a roar of laughter and cheering throughout the speech, mixing up derisory jokes and hysterical appeals with boisterous skill. How he did laugh at us and how his audience enjoyed it! I could find no trace of the lack of self-confidence which some commentators detected. Indeed, I have never heard a man more "divinely" certain of himself. Of course, his speech was, as usual, full of glaring contradictions and mis-statements. But then Hitler never reasons with his audience, as Mr. Chamberlain was doing at Birmingham that afternoon. His mission is to direct their emotions, contempt and hate against the enemy, confidence and love towards the Party and himself, by canalising them into a *Weltanschauung*. Mr. Chamberlain's statements make sense, but his philosophy is little more than a collection of sentiments and habits: Hitler's statements make nonsense, but his philosophy is coherent and of an immense emotional appeal.

* * *

His Wagnerian symphony (contrast the dry counterpoint of Mr. Chamberlain) had three motifs. Inside Germany, I, the unknown German soldier, conquered the castle of mammon and respectable hypocrisy, because the powers that be had lost the will to power. God was on my side. In the same way what looks like the impregnable power of Britain will slowly break at the trumpet blast of the new Germany. For Germany is inspired by a revolutionary philosophy and leadership, whereas Britain is a plutocracy, where the democratic movement is dead and the slogans are mere defences of vested interest. The second motif grows out of the first. In the last war, I, the unknown soldier with his steel helmet—Mr. Churchill, the professional politician with his top-hat, sacrificing the lives of millions. In this war, Mr. Churchill, still at the job, but in Germany I am the leader. The top-hat controlled the world from 1918 till 1933—and what did it make of it? And now the top-hat comes in an aeroplane and drops pamphlets promising a reconstruction of Europe. Reconstruction! I have been reconstructing Germany since 1918. And out of these two the third motif—the Jewish clique dominating the world, strangling Germany. And against the Jewish clique God has sent me, "the magnet which drew the steel out of the German people," the expression of the resentment of the oppressed in all countries, the liberator of the world from Judah, the enemy whose capital is London!

I have not tried to translate Hitler because a translation gives no impression of this fanatic "speaking with tongues," nor is it fair to compare him and Chamberlain as speakers. They come from different worlds, the one the demoniac carrier of a cruel and revolutionary virus, the other the sober advocate of things as they are.

* * *

During Mr. Lloyd George's speech to the National Defence Committee on Wednesday, I wondered whether he could really be as vigorous and powerful a person as he was twenty years ago. He still gets up at six in the morning; he finished a huge book only last year, he looks as fit as any of his own prize stock. The main difference I noticed, was that twenty years ago he would have ended with a dazzling peroration. On this occasion, he went on too long after his climax and had to recapture attention. It was a very astute speech. He knew that the Dorchester Hotel audience usually listened to comfortable words and he began with very proper sentiments and took trouble to build up the case for criticism of the Government, using the Northcliffe analogy of shells in the last war. The last war, he said correctly, was "won by criticism." He then proceeded quietly to talk about the necessity some time or other of negotiating a peace, urged us not to get into war with Russia and became eloquent on the subject that lies nearest his heart—the use of the British soil. He reminded us that we were within three weeks of having no bread in the last war and that unless we got going with our food production this time our position might be even worse. He had a delicious and insinuating personal passage about David and Goliath. David was worse armed than we were against Goliath, but he won because he used every ounce of skill and energy he possessed. And remarked Mr. Lloyd George, "that is the way in which the Davids have fought in the past!"

* * *

I see that a conscientious objector has now been arrested for refusing to accept the "non-combatant service" allotted for him by the Tribunal. This marks, I suppose, the beginning of the dreary business of court martial and imprisonment for opinion that happened in the last war and which Mr. Chamberlain, with obvious sincerity, said he wished so much to avoid this time. Some of the difficulty would not occur if all the Tribunals did their job properly. In the last war there were several excellent Tribunals that knew that their business was to ascertain the sincerity of the objector. Others, the majority, seemed to imagine that they were appointed to bully or abuse the applicant or show off their debating skill. The story is repeated in this war—except, I think, that the proportion of sensible Tribunals that understand their job is larger. I cannot think that Judge Stewart, the chairman of the North-Eastern Tribunal, is justified in his recent remarks to objectors. Here is the case of a Quaker, twenty years old, a member of the Hallé and Philharmonic Orchestras, who holds the traditional Quaker view that he must not accept non-combatant service in the R.A.M.C. or Army Pay Corps because they are part of the war machine. Judge Stewart says it is "awful" to hear such things and declares that the applicant is "subversive" because he explains his views to others. Another pacifist excites Judge Stewart's "complete contempt"; the fact that he belongs to a number of pacifist organisations seems to tell strongly against him. He is told that he is "trying to put a spoke in the wheel of the national effort" and is refused all forms of exemption. In another case where the applicant stated very moderately and sensibly the case for non-violent resistance, the Chairman (to quote the *Yorkshire Evening News*):

> announced that by a majority the Tribunal had decided that he had possibly a genuine conscientious objection to combatant service, but he (the Chairman) took the view that he had made up his mind by hook or by crook to avoid serving his country.

All this type of ragging and backchat is surely unwise and unnecessary. The job of a Tribunal—a difficult one—is to sort out the men whose sincere convictions should be respected and see to it, if possible, that they are allowed to do useful work of a kind that they will do with good heart.

* * *

I learn that the decision not to publish the Report of the West Indies Commission was arrived at by the Cabinet against the wishes of the Colonial Office, and that Mr. MacDonald and his advisers, if not actually taken by surprise, were given some weeks of acute anxiety in consequence. Non-publication, even if it succeeds in the attempt to leave Dr. Goebbels guessing, may have one less fortunate consequence. Without the battery of reasons the Report should have provided many, will be in danger of forgetting, or failing entirely to realise, why drastic remedies and vast expense are called for in the West Indies and elsewhere. Already the Press as a whole has closed down on the subject. Yet the White Paper is probably the most momentous pronouncement on Colonial policy since the emancipation of the slaves, and the compensation of their owners, more than a century ago.

* * *

Miss Violet Markham, one of the staunchest and most outspoken of English Liberals, and an old and close friend of John Buchan, upbraids me for my admittedly short and imperfect analysis of his character. She points out, truly enough, that I said nothing of the charm of his personality, and that in speaking of his enjoyment of ceremonial and great positions, I omitted to say that he had innumerable friends among the obscure as well as among the great. She points out that in the House of Commons, though he spoke rarely, he could on occasions speak with remarkable effect, notably on the Prayer Book issue and on the House of Lords "reform," which his speech did much to bury. I was most interested, however, in her account of his immense vitality and enjoyment of life. He was apparently one of those lucky people who had enough concentration to write, when he had an idea in his head, wherever he was, even if it was on a jolting bus. I stick to my view that he will be remembered as a writer of thrillers and not as a Governor-General, and I agree with her that some of his thrillers may in time rank with those of R. L. S.

* * *

My Lenin quotations have aroused several readers to search the Scriptures. One reader tries to defeat me by quoting:

> It is the method of the sophists of all times to quote examples obviously relating to basically dissimilar cases.—*Collected Works*, XVIII, 285.

missing the point that the passage I quoted was a general assertion of the right of self-determination. Others have sent me philosophical extracts:

> Every democratic demand (including self-determination) is, for the class-conscious workers, subordinated to the higher interests of Socialism.

which would indicate that in his plea for the right of secession, which I quoted, Lenin was not entirely sincere. But far the most interesting passage comes from "The Discussion of Self-determination Summed Up," which Lenin wrote in the autumn of 1916:

> If the concrete situation which confronted Marx in the period when Tsarist influence was predominant in international politics were to repeat itself, in the form, for instance, that a number of nations were to start a Socialist Revolution and if other nations were found to be serving as the main bulwarks of bourgeois reaction then we would be in favour of "crushing" them, destroying all their outposts, no matter what small national movements arose. . . . The republican movement in one country may be merely a weapon in the hands of clerical or financial and monarchical intrigues of other countries. If so, we must not support this particular concrete movement.

I think this passage shows pretty clearly how Lenin, if he were alive to-day, would justify an invasion of Finland. It also shows that the quotations I cited were pure "tactics." On this point Stalin follows Lenin. He, too, believes that every other interest must be subordinated to the single aim of the defeat of capitalism. He does not really believe in national self-determination at all. It is this sharp distinction of tactics (things you say or do to further your end) and policy, the end which justifies *all* means, which is the common characteristic of all totalitarian thinkers. And the lesson seems to be that democrats should never take a Communist at his face value.

* * *

Here is a quotation from a provincial German paper:

> In defiance of instructions and personal warnings, a farmer near Naumburg treated the Polish prisoners in his employment as members of his staff. They were permitted to eat their meals with his family in the living-room; and the relations between the two parties became well-nigh friendly. Official representations having produced no effect, the farmer was arrested.

How infinitely superior is this bare Nazi report to all our laborious propaganda. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Max Plowman.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

They had had the tragic circumstances of the war in common with other industries, and in addition they had had to meet two very substantial additions to the duty on tobacco. He found it difficult to give Lord Dulverton that sympathy which he might expect, because those increases seemed to have had the result they had always had in the past. The burden somehow got passed on to other shoulders, and they seemed willing to carry it and generally seemed to like paying for the privilege. Lord Dulverton had not found it necessary as some company chairmen did to apologise for the fact that his company had made a profit. He (the speaker) thought that profits were the real test of efficiency and quite the reverse of profiteering.—Mr. H. G. Tanner at Imperial Tobacco Co. Meeting.

According to Mr. Fred Burley, a well-known corsetiere, women who served in the last war sacrificed their corseting to the call of duty and so completely lost an essential part of their charm—a lovely figure.

"It has taken corsetieres 20 years to get women into proper shape again," he added.—*Reynold's News.*

After waiting six days for a passenger boat, Major L. Palmer travelled from Guernsey to Jersey in a Channel mail steamer as a parcel, bearing a label marked O.H.M.S. and accompanied by a postman.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Rather than pay rent to the collector who was registered recently as a conscientious objector, women in the Northwich (Cheshire) district are walking miles to the Council offices to pay.—*News Chronicle.*

Dr. Little asked the Prime Minister whether he will approach the leaders of the churches for the purpose of fixing a suitable day when the entire people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland shall be called to prayer to Almighty God, humbly beseeching Him to exercise His unlimited power to bring the war to a speedy end by the overthrow of the enemy, and to promote such a spirit of brotherhood and good will among the nations of the earth that they shall seek war no more?

The Prime Minister: As I informed my hon. Friend last week, considerations will be given to his suggestion at an appropriate time. I do not think, however, that that time has yet arrived.—*Hansard.*

When the case was resumed after lunch Mr. Justice Lawrence said to Miss Bennett: "Do you understand the English language. A subpœna commands you to attend the court."—*Daily Herald.*

DISAGREEABLE

IT is a curious fact that many people spend an enormous amount of energy in trying to convert everybody to their point of view, and yet that they would feel that life had gone strangely flat if everybody agreed with them. Controversialists are like boxers: they cannot enjoy themselves without an opponent. The boxer, luckily, can always find an opponent, for he boxes only for fun or money. The true controversialist, on the other hand, dare not admit to himself that argument is only a game. He would think you were charging him with insincerity if you told him that he argued merely for fun or in order to make money. There are young men in debating societies who will take either side in an argument merely in order to demonstrate their skill in debate; but the ordinary man, except when he is leg-pulling, must feel sincere to be happy as he disputes whether about religion or Socialism or collective security. He is a fighter in a cause, and the heart would go out of the fight if he talked with his tongue in his cheek. He has to argue as if he wished to convert the whole world to his side. But would he like this if it happened? I doubt it. He would long, I fancy, for the return of a time when there were a reasonable number of knaves and fools to be turned inside out by him.

I think one of the things that have at times made the controversialist dubious about the conventional Heaven is that there is no argument there. The unmusical—and even the musical—have winced at the prospect of perpetual harp-playing; but the controversialist would feel still more distressed in a Heaven in which he was an angel in perpetual and cordial agreement with all the other angels. His ideal may be to win universal assent to his opinions, but he would hate to achieve his ideal. Certainly the earth would be a dull place if we were all eternally unanimous. The House of Commons would cease to be worth either attending or reporting if there were no opposition to make things occasionally lively. If a new Bill were introduced, there would be no need for a Cabinet Minister to make a long speech in support of it, for he would know in advance that there was not even one Mr. Gallacher present to question a line of it. The Speaker could put the matter to the vote at the end of three minutes, and the Bill could be passed through all its stages by tea time. It may seem to some people that the wartime party truce has already gone a long way towards bringing about this state of affairs. But this means only that peacetime controversy temporarily gave way to the English people's controversy with Germany. There are no signs of universal agreement everywhere. Herr Hitler and Dr. Goebbels are still there to preserve the mental muscles from atrophy. Herr Hitler's speeches, indeed, turn nine Englishmen out of ten into eager controversialists. If they do not argue with each other, they make smashing replies to him.

Even in England, however, agreement is not universal. As the Silvertown election showed, there is a small minority of Englishmen ready to argue itself black in the face maintaining that in the present war as usual England is in the wrong. This minority, I fancy, is largely composed of people who cannot bear to agree—though they do not know this—with the majority. They are born dissenters. There was a brilliant Hyde Park orator who became a conscientious objector during the last war and who afterwards stated that he took this line merely because the majority of people were in favour of the war. "If the majority of people had been against the war," he said, "I should have been for it." He was obviously not a typical conscientious objector, but his attitude, so cheerfully and cynically explained, was typical of that of the natural dissident. The natural dissident feels at home only in an atmosphere of disagreement. Let the majority of people do what he has passionately urged them to do and he will turn on them and denounce them for doing it. "Stand up to aggression," he may have shouted at them for a twelvemonth, and, when at last they stand up to aggression, he regards them with amazement and horror and cries: "Hullo, what are you up to now? You're behaving like a gang of bloodthirsty imperialists. Didn't I always tell you that war is the old instrument of capitalism for keeping down the working classes? This war must be stopped at once." And, no doubt, if the Government did stop the war, he would rain his wordy blows on it for having ignominiously given in to aggression.

I get a good many letters from strangers of this way of thinking who denounce England for not having saved Manchuria and Abyssinia and denounce her in equally strong terms for now trying to save Poland. The fact that she did not save Manchuria and Abyssinia yesterday, indeed, is, according to their curious logic, a reason why it is criminal for her to attempt to save Poland to-day. People like this would have denounced the prodigal son for being a prodigal and would afterwards have denounced him with equal vehemence for his repentance. They would have damned Saul of Tarsus as a persecutor of the Christians and then would have doubly damned him when he had come round to their point of view and become the Apostle Paul. There is no use in doing what a natural dissident calls on you to do. For what he chiefly wants is to disagree with you, and he will find some reason for this even if in doing so he has to disagree with himself and all he has ever stood for.

One correspondent who thinks that it was wicked of England not to fight for Abyssinia and, therefore, wicked of her to fight for Poland, buttresses his argument with the statement that England has not "clean hands." Well, cleanliness is next to godliness, and among nations equally rare. If nobody were willing to do anything till a nation with clean hands was discovered, nothing good would be done in international affairs till Doomsday. It seems odd, however, that the people who now say that England has not clean enough hands to justify her in contesting the German conquest of Poland are the very people who called on England of the unwashed hands to save the Spanish Government from General Franco and to prevent the German conquest of Czechoslovakia. It seems that we notice the unclean hands of a nation only when it suits our purpose.

As for clean hands, I do not regard them as essential. I like them in acquaintances and in waiters, but we cannot expect to find nations with them. Even in ordinary life, they are not the most important things. If a man comes to rescue me from drowning, I do not ask to look at his hands and bid him go away and leave me to drown on discovering that they show traces of grime. I would rather have a good turn done to me by a man who had no passion for soap than have my pocket picked by the man with the cleanest hands in Piccadilly. After all, the man who is most famous in history for washing his hands is Pontius Pilate. England need not be deterred by the schoolboyish condition of her fists from doing what is right. At worst, she has as clean hands as anybody else; at best, she can boast that during the present century her hands have become slightly cleaner. In any case, nobody would notice the condition of her hands just now except in order to score a point in an argument. Another of my correspondents—eager to disagree—protests against someone's having called this war "Hitler's war," and bases his protest on the fact that Germany did not declare war on England but England declared war on Germany. He maintains that the war should be called "England's war." It is a pleasant idea, possible only to a controversialist, that declaring war, not making war, is the real crime. Herr Hitler's war on Poland is a trifle: England's carrying out her promises as to what she would do in the event of such a war is villainy. Curious but human logic if you are born into the gallant little company of dissenters.

These dissenters serve a useful purpose, however. Mr. H. W. Nevinson once wrote a brilliant essay in praise of the catfish which, placed in a tank full of other fish, keeps them in lively movement and preserves them from flabbiness and decay. The born dissenter is the catfish of the human race. He, too, is the enemy of atrophy. He keeps things lively and increases the intellectual energy of those whom he irritates. He is as necessary to health as vitamin A. When he gets to Heaven, he may become an angel agreeing with everybody; but, while he is on earth, I for one hope that he will remain an incurably dissentient catfish. Y. Y.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN WARTIME

In September, after exactly twenty years' absence, I went back to the classroom. In November, after exactly half a term, I went out again, for, I imagine, the last time. I was not, surprisingly, sacked. I left, for once, of my own volition.

The reasons? Partly because I was mistaken in my belief that I was really wanted to relieve a younger man for military service. The younger schoolmasters are, quite rightly, staying where they are. But my main reason for leaving was that I seemed to be wasting my own time and that of the boys.

I suffered an extremely rude awakening. For twenty years I have lived in a fools' paradise. I believed that I was once a good schoolmaster, that I had a vocation for teaching and that all the windmills against which I had tilted before the last war had been swept away. As a result I longed to go back now that all the reforms that I had advocated and suffered for in the long ago had been achieved. What fun, I thought, to teach boys who really wanted to know without the spur of reward or the fear of punishment! What fun, I thought, no longer to have to try to standardise every pupil into a successful candidate for the School or Higher Certificate, but to encourage each boy to develop his own latent talents in his own way!

You see, I had read a lot about the trend of modern education. My only fear was lest I should not be able to keep abreast of the modern ways of arousing enthusiasm and be ridiculed for falling back on obsolete methods.

I need not have worried. It was the school, it was the classroom, that was obsolete. I had to rub my eyes to make sure that I was not Rip Van Winkle as I entered that classroom for the first time. Everything was the same as it had been in 1920, and everything was wrong. The room was bare and ugly with not a picture or a flower anywhere, the desks the acme of discomfort, the blackboard as pitted with holes as any No Man's Land, the chalk evasive, the cleaner a nightmare, the text-books stereotyped and unimaginative, the boys listless, careless and ignorant beyond belief.

I found myself in charge of the English of a form whose sole reason for existence was that everyone of the boys had failed in the School Certificate and was due to take it again at the end of the term. Their attitude to their "special book," *Twelfth Night*, coincided with that of Pepys ("the play doth seem a burthen to me, and I took no pleasure at all in it") and they were more than shocked when I suggested that if they took no pleasure in their set books there must be something radically wrong with the way they read them.

There was. They took a year reading one play and two other books, and they spent the greater part of that time learning up the introduction and the notes and "likely" passages for paraphrase.

When I suggested that the only way to pass examinations was not to treat them too seriously, and that the only way to tackle a play was to act it as if you meant to put it over to an audience as an entertainment, I was regarded by half the form as a dangerous revolutionary and by the other half as falling into senile decay.

I paid the Sixth Form the compliment (which they were incapable of appreciating) of treating them as undergraduates in order to encourage free discussion and wide reading on subjects of more vital interest to the citizen than the don, and found that their ignorance of civics and aesthetics was as profound as their distaste for them. They lolled back in their seats and went to sleep.

They had read nothing and had no desire to read anything. As the School Library was almost barren that was not entirely their fault. Indeed, it is easier to find the root of the fault in the parents than in the system for the extraordinary travesty that was passing under the name of education.

First, the parents. Sigmaton is not in the first flight of Public Schools. It could make no claim to tradition as Winchester does. It was just a cheap boarding school that attracted the farmers and shopkeepers round about. They wished to assert a little social superiority over their neighbours who were content with the free and secondary schools. They didn't care, presumably, whether the actual education was better or worse. Presumably as they were paying more they took it for granted that it would be better. But what they were paying for in reality was a veneer. These minor so-called Public Schools trade on and exist by the Englishman's innate snobbery.

I lay the blame primarily on the parents for not caring enough about education as such. They didn't want their boys to be interested in citizenship or art. In other words, they weren't interested in their sons' ability either to use their leisure profitably or even to aim at a different profession or trade. There would always be the shop or the farm for the boy to fall back on. As for his leisure, there would always be football to watch when he was past playing it. So they never even want to claim their money back when they find that at 18 their sons can't even spell, punctuate or string two sentences together logically.

I could scarcely believe my eyes when I first looked at my time-sheet and at the faces in my form. Neither the hours nor the numbers had altered in any particular since the last war. I was expected to teach classes of twenty-six to twenty-eight boys for twenty-six to twenty-eight hours every week. If I had ten boys to teach for ten hours a week I could have achieved something in spite of the parents.

But alas, with age I have cultivated a conscience. In the old days when I was a master at Tonbridge I told my boys that I would select one per cent. of their preparation haphazard for correction. To show my contempt for the punishment system I made one boy learn the whole of *The Ancient Mariner* (it took him a term) for leaving the door open once, and refused to punish a boy at all who absented himself from class for a whole week on the ground that he could get on better by himself. He was quite right. To show my contempt for the mark system I would give $1\frac{1}{2}$ million marks for a monosyllabic "Yes" (and a guess at that) and 0.25 of a mark for a long essay. At Sherborne I frequently told my form to teach themselves while I went on writing at my desk. They never learnt more.

But in old age I find myself conforming to the impossible rules. I really tried for seven weeks to correct and comment upon all the written work done by my various forms and sets. It left me no time at all to prepare original lessons or to set original preparation.

I have always maintained that each form in conjunction with its form master should write its own text-books day by day as they go along. I immediately discovered the impossibility of doing that. In my Mathematical Set I was assigned particular sections of particular text-books to cover in the term. The ground was absurdly small. Most of the boys had done it all before, were completely disillusioned about the whole thing, and only wanted to be let alone to do a thousand examples of the stereotyped problem solved for them at the top of the page.

When I attempted to turn my mathematical classes into discussions and essays in English, and turned my English classes into discussions and essays on mathematical abstractions there was the devil to pay. It was bad enough to have a master who refused to keep Algebra, Arithmetic and Geometry in separate water-tight compartments, but when it came to using opposite, adjacent, corresponding and alternate angles as an introduction to all possible uses of the words opposite, adjacent, corresponding and alternate the thing was going just a bit too far. They became stolid passive resisters *en bloc.*

Now if I fail to arouse interest I'm done. I cannot turn myself into a wet nurse and slap a boy when he sneezes. An appalling thing happened. I lost interest, too.

I just couldn't do with boys who failed to find anything exciting in St. Exupéry flying, Cherry Garrard's *Worst Journey*, or Housman's lyrics. I have every sympathy with a boy's resistance to stereotyped education. I have no sympathy whatever with a boy who refuses to take any interest in the world about him.

I remembered Lancelot Hogben's startling indictment: "The two indispensable talents (for teachers) are: for a woman, chastity, and for a man, football." As a young man I had spent years of invaluable time chasing footballs and chasing boys to chase footballs. Now I couldn't even bear to stand on the touch-line and watch these boys because of the contrast. They played football superbly. It was the only thing they could do, and the staff all applauded and yelled wildly as they stamped their cold feet on the sodden earth.

Perhaps in girls' schools there is the same unrestrained enthusiasm for virginity, though I doubt whether it is such an obsession as football is in boys' schools. For girls find time to be enthusiastic about poetry as well as chastity and I have never found so receptive or so responsive an audience as the average girls' school.

So it may be a solution to introduce masters into girls' schools, though I have an idea that girls have a natural curiosity about things intellectual and aesthetic anyway, and I also have an idea that education in girls' schools has improved considerably in its breadth of outlook since the last war, whereas education in boys' schools has slipped back.

Whatever the reason, I found myself incapable of making those easy and delightful friendships with boys that made my earlier years of schoolmastering so happy. I found the conversation of these boys tedious to a degree. I could not even bear to ask them out to tea.

I was myself cut off from the whole outer world of man with no time left to read, to keep abreast of news, and no time left to write, to air my own views. I was just a prisoner penned in a singularly uncomfortable cell with distasteful company. I was underpaid (£300 a year) and overworked. I had made the startling discovery that youth is best served by youth.

It was bad enough to be bored by the boys, but I was equally out of touch with my colleagues, nearly all of whom were young enough to be my sons. They seemed to me to be serving their time on a treadmill, and degenerating into slaves of a system for which I can find no defence.

If the war doesn't shake this type of minor public school into drastic changes it will probably (I hope) shake it out of existence. Not even the most enlightened and ardent headmaster can do anything against a Board of Governors looking for economic stability before educational reform, and I feel desparately sorry for keen educationalists caught in this trap.

S. P. B. MAIS

LES FLEURS FÉDERALES

Avoid Utopias like the very devil.—A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol. Feb. 17th.

I WANDERED underneath a cloud
When all at once through rainbow mists,
I suddenly beheld a crowd,
A flight of Federal Unionists,
Diffusing with the speed of light
The gospel of the word of Streit.

Superior as the stars that shine,
Impartial as the Milky Way,
They conjured up their world design
Remote from conflicts of the day,
Through all their frisking membership
Glad tidings spread from lip to lip.

With sprightly and with sanguine zest
They paddled in the moonshine sea,
One could not help but be depressed
By such a jocund company,
For none beholding would have thought
War to the death was being fought.

And oft, when in the pensive mood
Our plight appears to justify,
That Corybantic multitude
Exacerbates the inward eye,
Trailing their veils of rainbow mists,
A flight of Federal Unionists.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

EVERYTHING WAS SUNNY

THE summer sun shone down through dust-misty windows, and across the Board Room table, striking a blinding signal light from the steel paper cutter.

"Well, gentlemen," opened the Chairman, looking at the small clock on the mantelpiece, and seeing it was time to begin. "Since our last meeting we've had a mishap at the works."

"Oh?" said Mr. Jaques, pulling out his rubber tobacco pouch.

"Ah!" said Mr. Moffat, his thin bony fingers fumbling with a wad of cigarette papers.

The Secretary said nothing: he knew all about it. The youngest of the four, he sat at the end of the table, looking as bored as a museum attendant.

"But," added the Chairman. "We mustn't anticipate—I'll deal with the matter when we come to it on the agenda."

Mr. Jaques and Mr. Moffat, supremely intent on their smoking preparations, were content to wait. The Chairman sat solidly in a wide leather chair with padded arms. He filled it out with his heavy blue-suited square body, bolt upright. He was square of shoulder, and even of head, and across the bridge of his nose reposed a pair of dark horn-rimmed glasses. From behind the glasses a perpetual smile spread out in wrinkles from the corners of his small eyes.

"Stock markets are a bit flat," said Mr. Jaques, casually, stuffing his pipe with a crooked thumb. Mr. Jaques was dapper, chubby and short, and with a neat white silk handkerchief tucked with most casual elegance into his breast pocket. His hair was silvery white.

The Chairman ignored his observation entirely: he was interested only in the business of the moment—he had no time for idle chatter.

Mr. Moffat, lanky as a French bean gone to seed, his cheek bones sticking out of his wash-leather face, just said: "Hm!" and crossed his legs. They were so long that he had to sit sideways at the table—they were like the legs of a starved horse. The room was as hot as the inside of a palm house. The sun was everywhere, blinding in from the white tiles of the walls across the area. A diamond in the inkpot was stinging the eyes of the Secretary, as he sat waiting to read the minutes. Sun on the wall, sun on every sheet of white paper, sun on the carpet. Everything was sunny.

"Well," said the Chairman, addressing the Secretary, and adjusting the large horn rims once more on the bridge of his nose, "if you'll be good enough to read the minutes."

The Secretary, passing a thin hand over his fair, crinkled hair, shaded his eyes, and began to read in a soft, monotonous voice. Several minutes passed with only the drone of his voice reading out from the red-backed leather minute book. When he had finished, the Chairman held out his hand for the book.

"The minutes appear to be in order," he said. "Is it your pleasure that I should sign them?"

Mr. Jaques and Mr. Moffat signified assent by holding up the right hand. The minutes were signed in comfortable silence. Everything went as smoothly as the changing of the guard, all according to the ritual of years, the habits of years of directorship. Nothing happened which was not expected. The book was handed back to the Secretary, and the Chairman plunged into the business of the company with single-minded concentration. The bank balance, the debtors, the creditors were reported. Nobody appeared to take any notice. There was no need to—the company was doing well.

For some time the Chairman just talked into space, like a gramophone left on in an empty room, while Mr. Jaques and Mr. Moffat, sitting with the unwinking composure of Buddhist gods, puffed out blue funnels of smoke from pursed lips. Mr. Moffat began to draw a series of satisfying angular designs on his white blotting pad with a ruler and pencil.

His mind wandered from the business in hand. He was thinking of that fool of a son—to-day he would hear the results of his examination. This was the fourth time he had sat for it. Three times he had failed, failed, moreover, with a jaunty indifference. Why worry, the old man had piles of cash, he'd never see him selling matches. No doubt this would be the fourth time. Trying to imagine the young waster as a chartered accountant was impossible. Tennis, golf, football—yes. His public school had said he was outstanding in all of them.

Mr. Jaques, looking into space over the bowl of his pipe, was debating with himself whether he would do a "switch." If he switched out of those South African mines into Malayan Rubber it might be a piece of good business—especially in face of what his friend had said with regard to the prospective dividend. There might be two shillings a share in it, and it would only cost him about ninepence to sell the mines and buy the rubbers. One might do it; it sounded very tempting. He would have to think more about it.

Then, with a sigh of having got through a lot of trivialities, the Chairman ticked his agenda sheet, and taking off his glasses, came to the most important business of the day.

"Works Report," he read out. He interrupted their thoughts, and like men awaking from an after-lunch nap they picked up their agenda papers, as if to make sure that "Works Report" really was the next item, and that they had not heard him incorrectly.

"Well," continued the Chairman, "as I mentioned, we've had a bit of trouble."

Mr. Jaques raised his eyebrows. Mr. Moffat halted in his drawing.

"Not serious, I hope," said Mr. Jaques, flaring a match on his matchbox. The sun was so bright he could not see the flame over the bowl of his pipe, and had to bring the match up close to his face to see that it was really alight.

"Quite bad enough." the Chairman answered. "As a matter of fact, the boiler blew up in the engine house."

For a moment there was the hint of consternation, but neither Mr. Jaques nor Mr. Moffat spoke. They wanted to hear more about it before saying anything. They looked with expectant concern at the Chairman, who was now tapping his teeth with the shaft of his horn-rimmed glasses.

For several minutes the Secretary sat with both hands in his trouser pockets, listening to the story he knew by heart; the details of waggons blown over into the pit bottom, rails in the siding twisted up like barbed wire, and the skeleton of the boiler house. Then he began to think of other things. He would have to cut the dying flower heads off those antirrhinums when he got home—all the gardening books said you should. It was supposed to make them bloom again. The borders wanted hoeing-up, too. That was a job he did not like. It was almost as tedious as cutting the lawn. It struck him that the lawn would do with a mowing, as well. On a bit of paper that was jutting out from underneath a letter basket he made notes with his gold-banded fountain pen. When the meeting was over, and the Directors had gone, he would tear that off. They were jobs for this evening.

His behind ached with sitting still in his chair, and he moved forward, impatiently. Was he going on for ever? He had been talking of it now for twenty minutes. All a lot of unnecessary details. It could have been dealt with in ten minutes. He wasn't going to write all that talk down.

He looked out of the window, just in time to catch the man in the office opposite tickling the ribs of his typist. She smacked the back of his hands with a ruler, and he laughed, tickling the back of her neck instead.

When he turned back again, Mr. Jaques and Mr. Moffat were still sitting in grave concentration—this sounded serious, and they were taking in every word. At last, the Chairman seemed to exhaust himself. He stopped, and tapped the shaft of his horn rims now on the hard table top.

For several minutes they all sat silent.

"When d'you think we shall be able to start production again?" eventually asked Mr. Moffat, looking sharply up into the face of the Chairman.

The Chairman hesitated, looking ahead at the wall, as if adding up imaginary columns of figures on it.

"Difficult to give an exact estimate—but I should say in about six to eight weeks," he said.

"Shall we have to refuse any orders?" asked Mr. Jaques. His voice was tired, and he spoke slowly.

"I don't think so," replied the Chairman, meditatively. "We've got plenty of stock on hand."

Having thought out long ago exactly what he was going to write, the Secretary now picked up his pen again, and began to write in the minute book:

"The Chairman reported on the recent breakdown at the Works, and stated that operations were expected to be resumed in six to eight weeks' time. It was not expected that the company would have to refuse any orders, owing to adequate stocks in store."

He ruled off the bottom of the page, and closed the book. That was all the verbosity amounted to, and that was all it was going to get. He leaned back once more in his chair, and looked out of the window to see if the girl opposite was still being tickled.

In an hour and a half the business of the meeting was concluded. The Chairman looked again at the agenda.

"Well—any other business?" he said.

"No—nothing," replied the Secretary.

"That, then, concludes the meeting, gentlemen," added the Chairman.

Everyone rose. Mr. Moffat yawned. Mr. Jaques stretched his pale hands above his head and smiled in relief.

"I'm thinking of taking a short holiday," he said. "I shan't be away for more than six weeks. I like to get away for a bit during this beautiful weather."

Mr. Moffat slung on a black bowler hat.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh—somewhere. Haven't quite made up my mind yet. Maybe a cruise, maybe I shall visit a friend in Arezzo—probably a cruise."

They walked towards the door, and the Chairman, his mind still on the business of the company, with no ear still for gossip, followed them, permitting himself the relaxation of a cigarette.

"I understand from the Works Manager that five men were injured in the explosion—two of them rather seriously," he said, brushing the lapel of his jacket with a large hand.

Mr. Moffat picked up his rolled umbrella from the stand by the door.

"We're insured?" he queried.

"Oh yes," replied the Chairman.

As he put back his gold cigarette case into his inner breast pocket the sun caught it like the flash on a sword blade. The sun still poured across the dusty windows, still flooded the blinding creamy walls.

They shook hands in the vestibule, and said: "Good-day."

Everything was sunny.

A. W. HOLMES

COUNTRY NOTES

The Twenty-second of February

THE hard weather has gone, at any rate for the moment, and the first deceptive day of Spring arrived with so warm a rush as to make us believe it would be succeeded by many others. Of course with our reason we know that this is unlikely. We know that a bit of February is still to come and the whole of March, frequently one of the most unpleasant months in the calendar. Yet it is difficult to be prudent and sceptical when the first sunlight one has seen for many weeks wakes one between the curtains and makes one leap from bed to find a very different kind of day awaiting one outside. Warm air is surprising after the shivering cold one has learned to expect. It is surprising to find that one wants to throw off one's coat instead of dragging it closely round one. How delightful to be free of the heavy coat! how delightful to walk unhampered, even if only for one day! how delightful to enjoy in the most platitudinous way the simple pleasures of the first suggestion of spring: the birds singing once more, the earth soft to the tread after frost, the evidence of things beginning again to love and bud and grow.

We Britons are perhaps especially sensitive to such movements of the seasons, since our seasons melt and merge into one another more elastically than the more violently demarcated seasons of stronger climates. Our seasons interchange their character in a way unknown to the extremes of North or South. Thus the citizen of Leningrad knows that the spring will not arrive till the middle of May and arranges his existence and his mind to suit that necessity; he does not expect the spring and so is not disappointed when he does not get it somewhere in the middle of February; the inhabitant of Shiraz, on the other hand, would be extremely indignant if his spring suddenly reverted to winter. We have learnt to be more tolerant. We are grateful for the one warm day coming in the midst of our tribulations, and with our usual happy-go-lucky optimism assume at once that the warm happy days have arrived to last.

Destruction of the Winter

Gardeners are already beginning to look round for the deaths that the frost and winds have brought to their treasures. It is difficult to decide as yet what murder has taken place. Nothing but the true spring will show, the true spring that brings the fresh shoot up from the root, when all the top growth seemed deathly seared and browned. As all observant gardeners know, it is worth their while to keep a seemingly dead plant in the ground until May has gone far into her date. Surprising revivals occur with the real warmth of sun and soil. Personally, I shall be reluctant to throw any plant or shrub on to the rubbish heap until May has convinced me that it is as dead as a black twig, dead, finally dead.

I go round the garden on these first warm days, hoping to see signs of survival among the more tender plants. I scrape the stem with my thumb nail, hoping that it will show me a streak of pale green, as I expect many loving gardeners are doing all over the country. I am surprised and pleased to find that the pomegranate is still alive, and the myrtles too, though their leaves are green no longer but brown. A quite unjustifiable vanity comes over me that these valued things should have passed safely through the hard time they have had to endure—as though it were any merit of mine.

Colour in the Snow

The snow has gone, then, and the spring pretends to arrive. How contrary one's moods are! I now almost regret the rigours of this winter, which provided scenes and moments of such fantastic beauty. There was the moment when the aviary full of brightly coloured parakeets turned into a cave of snow, the purest snow driven against the wire netting, making a roof and walls of simple whiteness. Against this whiteness the blue, yellow, and green of the birds showed up with such brilliance that they might have been flood-lit. No painter but Van Gogh could have splashed them on to canvas.

Then, still amazed by the colours the birds had shown me within their snow-bound cage, I came across a man working a blow-lamp against a frozen pipe. The colours of the flame reproduced the colours of the birds, orange and green, yellow and blue. It spat a tongue of viciously combined colours in the frosty air, as the long icicles, reflecting its iridescence, slowly began to drip.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

SONNET

SHADOW upon shadow, the shadow of love
Fell on the naked sleeper at my side.
A blue vein trembled and the midnight sighed.
"This," I thought, "is all I shall ever have.
After this, nothing." And the wild thought drove
All other thoughts out of my midnight brain.
"Nothing." The midnight ivy sang in the rain.
"Nothing but bone; nothing but rock; core; cave."

Women stood on a cliff far, far away
Praying the dead and dying; a waterfall
Rang in old Africa; and as the day
Gathered, I rose. Far down the pillared hall
Sobbing I found that other room where love
Lay waiting, even now, to comfort and forgive.

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Light of Heart," at the Apollo

Mr. Emlyn Williams is a virtuoso who uses the stage as a Kreisler uses his fiddle; and like Kreisler, he is not above charming his audience with trash. In *The Corn is Green* he used his technique to interest the public in a good theme, in his new play he uses it to make them believe in nonsense. He shamelessly trots out the weary puppets of the cheapest novelette, the genius ruined by drink, the crippled daughter, the choice between love and filial duty. We are expected even to believe that a woman who longs to have children fears that her twisted foot is hereditable, though any medical student could have told it was the result of an accident. Moreover, this effrontery succeeds—we have rarely seen an audience swallow a play so greedily, and it can be recommended confidently to those who love the theatre for the theatre's sake. The acting is admirable: Mr. Emlyn Williams writes only good parts, every line is expertly aimed, and each member of the cast is excellent. Mr. Godfrey Tearle gives a performance as thoughtful as it is effective: thus it was interesting to see how when drunk he talked and moved in an "actorish" way, while he might in his sober period have been a lawyer or a doctor. He made us believe, moreover, that there was in the man a streak of genius. Miss Angela Baddeley as the cripple was admirable, disguising the saccharine and suggesting a sincerity not to be found in her words. The character parts are as brilliantly acted as they are written. Miss Gladys Henson, Miss Megs Jenkins, Mr. Edward Rees, Mr. Arthur Powell, above all Miss Elliot Mason, all seem to have been born to play these particular roles. Even in this play there are a number of lines that reveal the author's uncommon intelligence. It is lamentable that he should have used it for so shoddy a purpose.

"Prison de Femmes," at the Embassy, Tottenham Court Road

"Sherlock Holmes," at the Regal

"Why," asks Francis Carco, the criminologist, in *Prison de Femmes*, "are reforms in the penal system ever made? Because of the activities of independent writers like myself." This conviction probably justifies Monsieur Carco's extension of his activities to appearing in the film version of his book—his histrionic abilities certainly do not. It is never very clear what reforms this picture contemplates, and its hazy moral would probably be more pointed if attached to a less hackneyed story. Juliette (Renée Saint-Cyr) is blissfully married to Max (Jean Worms). Unfortunately she has never dared to confess to Max, who is a bit of a prig, that she has been in prison. Juliette is being blackmailed by Dédé (Georges Flamant), the pimp of Régine (Viviane Romance), who was her best friend in prison. One night she goes to pay blackmail money at an hotel in Montmartre and is just about to suffer worse than death when Régine shoots her twice in the stomach. This makes Max suspicious and very angry, and it remains for Monsieur Carco to relate with unctuous liberalism the early history of Juliette in order to effect a bedside reunion. Perhaps if Juliette had really committed a crime instead of being imprisoned for carelessness with a carving knife, Monsieur Carco's story would have enlisted more sympathy. The scenes in the women's prison at Montpellier are extraordinarily grim and horrifying, and there is a memorable shot across the roofs of the Provençal town into the chiaroscuro of the exercise yard around which a circle of female prisoners tramp silently in their anachronistic uniforms, but these sequences seem isolated from the rest of the film. The action is throughout rather slowed down by the exigencies of the semi-narrative style, and the photography appears often out of focus, but Viviane Romance acts with such vitality and physical charm that she almost succeeds in bringing the picture to life.

This version of *Sherlock Holmes* provides thrills and giggles galore. All the familiar ingredients are present. The Baker Street rooms, the deer-stalker hat, and the catch phrase "Elementary, my dear Watson." Professor Moriarty (George Zucco) who prefers orchids to human beings, contrives a master crime, and has Ann Brandon (Ida Lupino) chased through Lady Conyngham's shrubbery by a club-footed flautist from Patagonia. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce are the ideal Holmes and Watson, and you will enjoy the climax in which Professor Moriarty is seen picking the Koh-i-noor out of the Crown Jewels in the Tower. A brave attempt at creating period atmosphere has been made—top hats and bustles, oil-lamps and hansom-cabs decorate the houses and streets of London. Fog envelops the town nightly and some of the outdoor sets have the charm of familiarity. The cast has been recruited exclusively from the Hollywood English Colony and not a single American accent breaks the spell. The film is based on the play *Sherlock Holmes* by William Gillette and is not a dramatisation of any specific book.

People and Flowers at the British Art Centre

At the Stafford Gallery in St. James's Place, which has now become a club under the name of British Art Centre, there is a large mixed exhibition of works, mostly by little-known painters. Miss Ethel Walker, Mr. Matthew Smith are represented, but the chief interest of the visitor will be to look for new talent. It must be admitted that many of these painters would be well advised to be content with painting for their own amusement, since they lack the rare gifts required. Painting, alas, is the most overcrowded of all professions. But one or two unfamiliar signatures are to be found on interesting pictures. A conspicuous example is *Dahlias* by Alfred Bladen, whose work we do not remember having previously seen. This is an accomplished and sensitive picture. *Hyacinths*, by Eunice Simeon, is an intelligent work, that stands out as the result of an artist having seen something in her own way. The portrait of Humbert Wolfe by Jessie Wolfe is skilful and vivid.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, March 2nd—
  National Youth Peace Aims Conference, New Burlington Galleries. And on March 3rd, Particulars from League of Nations Union, 60 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.
SUNDAY, March 3rd—
  C. E. M. Joad: "God and the State of the World," Conway Hall, 11. Concert 3.
  Beecham Sunday Concert, Queen's Hall, 2.45.
MONDAY, March 4th—
  Poetry Recital in aid of British Red Cross Fund, Central Hall, 1.15.
  E. F. M. Durbin: "Economic Problems," Morley College, 6.30.
  Fabian Society Meeting. Prof. Max Salvadori: "Must Italy Decide." 12 Gt. Newport Street. 7.45.
TUESDAY, March 5th—
  T. H. W. Armstrong: "Has Music Any Meaning?" Royal Institution, 3. And March 12th and 19th.
  Hermann Mannheim: "War and Crime," Canterbury Hall, Cartwright Gardens, W.C.1, 5.
  Lecture demonstration in connection with Contemporary Art Exhibition, City Literary Inst., Stukeley Street, 7. And on March 7th, 12th and 14th.
  "The Beggar's Opera," Haymarket.
WEDNESDAY, March 6th—
  Desmond MacCarthy: "Drama," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
  Frank Verulan: "Marxist Economics," Dick Sheppard Centre, 8.
  "This Man Was Henry," Torch.
THURSDAY, March 7th—
  Exhibition of Schemes for a Permanent Evacuation and Holiday Camps in Time of Peace, Paul and Marjorie Abbatt, 94 Wimpole Street. Till March 30th.
  Hermann Mannheim: "The Social Aspects of Crime and Delinquency," I.S.T.D., 8 Portman Street, 6.30.
  Prof. Denis Saurat: "The French Point of View," Milestone Hotel, Kensington High Street, 8.
  "Cousin Muriel," Globe.
FRIDAY, March 8th—
  Lunch-time Concert, the New English Singers, Birkbeck College, 1.
  The Viscount Cecil: "Approaches to Peace," Canterbury Hall, 5.
  H. Pevsner: "Art and the 19th Century," Birkbeck College, 5.30.
  Chinese Spring Festival, Burlington Galleries, 7.30.

Correspondence

"THE DAILY HERALD"

SIR,—I had not intended, at this stage, to make any public statement on the reasons which led to my resignation from the Editorship of the *Daily Herald*.

But Mr. Cudlipp's letter, together with your original comments on the matter, impel me to make some explanation if your readers are not to be left completely mystified. If the value of the *Daily Herald* to the Labour Movement is, as they are now told by Mr. Cudlipp, to be enhanced following my resignation, they can only wonder why I resigned and deduce, perhaps, that I went because I was an obstacle to that increased support to the Labour and Trades Union Movement which is now promised. Perhaps, therefore, you will allow me to set out the sequence of events which led to my resignation.

My resignation followed a period of acute controversy between myself and the management of the paper, Messrs. Odhams, as to the functions and responsibilities of a Socialist paper during wartime and on the general policy the *Daily Herald* should follow during such a period. I held, and still hold, that since Socialism is both a political creed and a social philosophy, and since the future shape of society for many years will be determined by this war, a Labour paper has certain very specific duties to perform during it. These duties are not confined to a legalistic adherence to the line of Party Policy. It is, of course, highly important that the *Daily Herald* should be the day-to-day exponent of that policy. But, in addition, or so it seems to me, it is the responsibility of the official Labour paper to keep its readers informed on the serious problems which have been created by the war and are likely to be created by the peace, when it comes, and to put before them a responsible, intelligent, and reasoned discussion of these problems in leaders and special articles.

I hold, in short, that no amount of snappy presentation and slick sloganising can justify the absence in a Labour paper at such a time as this of a sustained endeavour to inform and educate its readers on grave public issues, which by their very nature require considerable thought and concentrated attention. This view was, I may say, shared by all those many Labour and Trades Union representatives with whom I had contact.

The controversy between Messrs. Odhams and myself on this matter was proceeding with some force, when the issue was sharpened by their strong objection to my own signed political articles which had been a regular feature of the paper for some time—and one, if I was to judge by the very large number of letters I received and by the experience of Labour speakers at conferences of local parties, which was considerably appreciated.

This objection to my political articles reached its climax in the refusal to allow the publication of an article by me on " Finland's Lesson to the Allies " except in a substantially cut form, to which I could not agree, and finally in the issuing, over my head, of instructions for the suppression of that article after it had been set up in type. After such an action I considered, as I think any self-respecting editor could not avoid doing, that I had no alternative but to offer my resignation.

Subsequently I was asked by Messrs. Odhams if I would remain as Political and Economic Advisor of the paper without any executive powers. I felt, and those leaders of the Labour Movement, both in the House of Commons and outside it, with whom I discussed the proposal agreed with me, that to do so could serve no useful purpose. Therefore, with some natural regret I severed a connection with the paper, which had lasted unbroken for over ten years and which, allowing for one break, goes back to 1923.

I may be permitted to hope that that connection has been of some service to the Socialist cause. Whether the *Daily Herald* will, under a non-Socialist Editor for the first time in its history, give enhanced service to that cause in the future time will show.

Holmbury St. Mary. FRANCIS WILLIAMS

FARMING IN WARTIME

SIR,—Miss Sackville-West writing last week fails to see why the large farmer is less eager than the small one to plough up grass land. I should have thought it obviously a bigger task to change over a large acreage than a small one from one type of farming to another. Moreover, more capital, labour, implements, seeds, planning and forethought are required for arable than grass land. Because Miss Sackville-West cannot understand; she says the farmer is stupid and childish.

Speaking about linseed, she writes: " England has foolishly neglected this most valuable and beautiful crop, relying chiefly on imports from India, Russia, United States and Argentina." I think the reason is simply that it has been cheaper to import than to grow here.

Miss Sackville-West says the farmer regards the Government as " that vague, inimical, tiresome, ignorant body comfortably settled in offices somewhere in Whitehall."

It is obvious Miss Sackville-West is prejudiced against the English farmer. But I submit she shows a lamentable lack of understanding of the farmer's tasks and difficulties. In spite of criminal neglect for years by the Government of the day, he is generally a loyal patriot. He may be conservative, but he does change slowly but surely. Outlook and standards of education vary often through no fault of his own; his opportunities for social intercourse are often curtailed through isolation and pressure of work. ARTHUR HOLMES

Bramfield, Suffolk.

SCIENCE IN CHINA

SIR,—One of the most remarkable features of the war in China is the way in which, despite tremendous handicaps, Chinese scientists have been carrying on with their research.

Among the scientific bodies which held their annual meeting last year were the Geological Society of China (before which 70 papers were read), the Peking Society of Natural History, and the Engineering, the Physics and Astronomical Societies.

Most of these bodies now have their headquarters in Kunming, the provincial capital of Yunnan, which is fast eclipsing Peiping as a cultural centre. Besides the University of Yunnan and the National Southwest Associated University (in which the National University of Peking, the National Tsinghua University and the Nankai University have been temporarily merged), Kunming is now the headquarters of the Academia Sinica, the Academia Peipinica and the National Geological Survey of China.

Despite increasing difficulties, notably shortage of paper, scientific publications continue to come out regularly. New volumes have been added to the *Paleontologia Sinica* and to the *Bulletin* of the Geological Society of China.

Important geological and palaeontological discoveries by Chinese scientists continue to be reported. Perhaps the most striking of these has been the discovery at Lufeng, Yunnan Province, by Mr. M. N. Bien of a new type of saurian remains dating back fifteen million years. In association with this fossil, which is believed to belong to the Upper Triassic age and has been named the *Lufengsaurus yunanensis*, were also found reptilian remains of great palaeontological interest.

Turning to the utilitarian side, the Ministry of Economics has established an Institute of Metallurgical Research to render technical assistance to mining companies interested in developing the mineral resources of the south-west provinces. Among these new enterprises are gold-washing projects on the upper reaches of the River of Golden Sand in the newly created province of Sikong. The Chinese Industrial Co-operative Movement has also interested itself in a special gold-washing project by which it is estimated that at least 100,000 people will be employed and 125,000 Chinese ounces of pure gold produced annually.

23 New Cavendish Street, H. J. TIMPERLEY
London, W.1.

"MUST THE WAR SPREAD?"

SIR,—I do not think that your review of Mr. Pritt's book *Must the War Spread?* comes up to your standard of fairness.

It is true that Mr. Pritt presents, quite frankly, one side of the Russo-Finnish question. But the other is put—or put over—continually to millions in every section of the daily press, in weekly papers, on the radio and the newsreels. Your reviewer as a champion of impartiality (in others) should welcome a book which for once gives the same public the opportunity of seeing the other side. A Penguin has to be brief, and the Russo-Finnish question is not after all the main subject of the book.

He is very angry with a "Mr. Pritt's philosophy" which he has himself invented by wrenching his author's meaning. For example, he quotes a description by Mr. Pritt of the cynical behaviour of capitalist States, and says that Mr. Pritt's defence of Russia is that she must conform to this standard. But this is not true, for Mr. Pritt never suggests that Russia would be right to hoodwink her public, to " fight dirty " and " hit below the belt," but simply says that if, as a single socialist state surrounded by hostile powers, she uses force when force becomes necessary for self-defence, he is not going to condemn her. Again, he objects that Mr. Pritt's justifications of Russia are the same as those used by Hitler to attack Czechoslovakia and denounced by Mr. Pritt at the time. Germany used this pretext because she meant to expand. If Russia only wishes to defend herself, then Mr. Pritt is right to discriminate, and those who so frequently draw this parallel are showing likenesses and ignoring the differences which alter the whole position. Mr. Pritt, who has considerable knowledge of Russia, holds one opinion on her motives, and in this and his previous Penguin he gives strong evidence in support of it. Your reviewer holds another. We cannot know the extent of his experience, since he is anonymous. But he does not refute Mr. Pritt on this or any other major point. It is therefore not fair to base his criticism on the assumption that his own views must be right. **L. S. MORRIS**

11 York Road, Harrogate.

[As our critic in company with others again mentions anonymity as a reproach, may we again point out that the review was unsigned just as a leading article is unsigned in this or any other paper in order to show that it carried with it a considered editorial view and was not merely the private opinion of a particular reviewer ?—ED., *N. S. & N.*].

THE BORDERS CASE

SIR,—In your issue of February 17th (pp. 194 and 195), there is a reference to the " Borders Case " which is so sweeping in its condemnation of speculative builders, building societies and house purchasers, that one cannot believe it is based solely on a judgment delivered in that particular case, involving one firm of builders and one building society only. Surely a criticism so unrestrained and unjust is unworthy of the NEW STATESMAN ?

Writing with an intimate knowledge and experience of the Building Society Movement, I suggest that a few moments' reflection by the writer of your article should convince him that *even accepting his interpretation* of the case referred to, that a certain firm of speculative builders and a particular building society stand condemned of undesirable practices, the majority of house builders, and certainly the vast majority of building societies, have honourably and successfully contributed to the creation of a great body of contented home-owners, living happily in well-built dwellings, affording them independence and economic advantages which have played an important part in this country's strength and soundness in a time of crisis.

You would not, I am sure, condemn all journalists and the whole newspaper world because there may be some who fall short of the high traditions and honourable record of the best. Why, then, inflict this injury on a great movement admired, approved and commended by representative men of all sections ?

New Oxford House, **ARTHUR WEBB**
London, W.C.1.

[Reference is made to this misunderstanding in our comments this week.—ED., *N. S. & N.*].

THE ELECTORAL TRUCE

SIR,—In his last letter Mr. Thurtle argues that it would be illogical for the Labour Party to fight by-elections unless it is prepared to fight a General Election. It seems to me that logic leads to the opposite conclusion. Because war conditions make the holding of a General Election impracticable, we should insist that at least the limited facilities afforded in by-elections of ascertaining the public's views on vital issues should be used to the full.

Such by-elections might well have a marked effect on the efficiency with which the war is being waged and the kind of Peace that will follow it. Can anyone doubt but that the repeated defeat of Government candidates on domestic or foreign issues would not be quickly reflected in a change of policy at Westminster ? No Government in wartime can allow its people to become discontented or hostile.

I am sure that Mr. Thurtle would be delighted if, as a result of decisive Labour victories on the War aims controversy, the Government were forced, as it undoubtedly would be, to declare its adherence to Labour's views. And doesn't he agree that the Silvertown by-election gave the nation and the world a most valuable indication of public opinion on issues of supreme importance ? The *Daily Herald* certainly seemed to think so.

G. R. STRAUSS

THE REVOLT AGAINST CHURCH AND STATE

SIR,—In his article on " The Revolt against Church and State," Professor Joad says that the most important of many reasons for the Church's failure is its " obvious inability to cope with the crisis of our times."

As one of the " Anglo-Catholic Socialist movement represented by such men as Conrad Noel," to which Dr. Joad refers, I of course agree. But I cannot agree that the remedy for such impotence is that we should turn to a brand of mysticism to which the world of human personalities, embodied in flesh and blood and using material things, is " a plane of unreality," and which involves each man for himself taking refuge from that world in seeking absorption in " the universal consciousness " which alone is reality.

The orthodox Christian Religion is essentially sacramental and social in principle. It holds that the " universal consciousness," or God, behind and in all men and all things is to find outward and visible embodiment and expression in human life on this earth and in the way in which men use the material world and its products. It is true that an enormous number of professing Christians have been, and are, *un*orthodox in this matter, seeking mystical union with a God regarded as Reality *apart from* rather than as *including* this material world and its affairs, which world, *so far as that mystical union is concerned*, is regarded in effect as " a plane of unreality "—many of them even misusing to that end the particular sacrament, the Mass, which so obviously symbolises in dramatic action that general sacramental and social conception of all life, to which I have referred.

I suggest that it is precisely that failure to realise that God, or " the universal consciousness," is to be expressed in and through the world of human personalities and human bodies, and in material things and the way in which men use them, that is the heresy in the Church which is responsible for the Church's " inability to cope with the crisis of our times." But now it seems that Dr. Joad is recommending a brand of mysticism that is remarkably like that heresy. **R. WOODIFIELD**

Christ Church Vicarage,
Watney Street, E.1.

THE ICE BOX

SIR,—It is a pity that Mr. Ritchie Calder persists in regarding plastic glass lenses as a suppressed invention because the use of a bad example spoils what is otherwise—as far as one can tell—a sound and useful argument.

The fact is that, even if it wished to do so, the spectacle industry is far too unorganised and impoverished to run a private " icebox " for inconvenient inventions. If anything, the boot is on the other foot. Only one thing prevents the commercial exploitation of plastic spectacle lenses and that is their extreme vulnerability to scratches.

Even after the surface treatment to which Mr. Calder refers, the material remains very soft in comparison with ordinary glass. Those plastic lenses which the writer has seen could not be wiped with a clean duster without getting marked. The packets in which they were contained had a cotton-wool lining, which did not betray much confidence on the part of the manufacturers in their scratch-resisting properties. On the other hand, plastic glass possesses the great advantages of lightness and unsplinterability, and it is to be hoped that the difficulty of surface hardness will eventually be overcome.

It must also be pointed out that in the initial stages at any rate plastic lenses could not be produced much cheaper than glass ones. As Mr. Spooner has pointed out, literally thousands of moulds would be required to cover the range of " stock foci." Moreover, whereas the lenses in opera glasses, etc., have only spherical surfaces, the majority of spectacle lenses have cylindrical or toroidal curves which makes the cost of moulds extremely high.

Another point is that bifocals, tinted, prismatic and lenticular lenses, which constitute in all quite a fair proportion of the lenses in use, are quite outside the scope of plastics altogether.

10 Gowan Road, N.W.10. **A. G. BENNETT**

P.S.—Mr. Calder asks : " Would it not be, from the oculist's point of view, better to cheapen lenses and change them often ? " The answer is, from the oculist's point of view, yes, provided he gets his fee every time.

SIR,—I was most interested in Mr. Ritchie Calder's article " The New Industrial Revolution," which doubtless contains some dangerous thoughts. I don't know if I shall be heading for the red light if I mention one of my " corns "—a bunion, in fact : the gramophone record. Is it not true that the Blattnerphone long ago rendered obsolete the cumbersome and expensive process of recording on vulcanite ? That symphonies might be produced as cheap as Penguins and as compact as cotton-reels? If this is so, the lamentable holocaust of fine records that periodically takes place to provide more vulcanite for jazz seems difficult to excuse. However, I am no economist ; but now the gramophone companies have largely switched over (via refrigerators, appropriately enough) to more esoteric wartime occupations, and hardly anybody can afford records anyway, isn't it possible that this invention might come out of the icebox ? It might even be put to patriotic purposes : we might all have copies of all Mr. Chamberlin's speeches, for instance. It is true the new records won't break or wear out, and so we should not have to keep replacing them; but isn't it likely we should go on collecting with increased zeal and over a much wider range, and the turnover in the end would be greater? The Penguin venture seems to point to a hopeful answer. E. C. ROSE

3 Bourong Ave., Wembley, Middlesex.

SCIENCE IN THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—In urging that scientists should carry out their research under direction and in organised groups, Professor J. D. Bernal overlooks two important considerations.

First, great discoveries often come by way of surprise, and not as a result of laboriously following up a planned research. If a scientist is working alone along a plan of his own, and suddenly an unexpected vista opens before him, he will often arrive at interesting results through having the necessary insight and mental energy to throw over his plan and follow the new line. Secondly, it often happens that an investigator makes a discovery which is subsequently found to be of great benefit to human welfare, but whose applications were not envisaged at the time by the person who made them. Both these kinds of unexpectedness are illustrated over and over again in the history of science, but perhaps seldom more strikingly than in the discovery and application of X-rays.

The most convinced believer in dialectical materialism, or the born organiser of the largest and most obedient co-operation groups with the most elaborate card-index system ever devised by human ingenuity, would be unable to organise research whose object it was to make the human body transparent. However much he might want to help humanity (or to direct other people), the organiser would simply not know how to set about it. If he had heard that a retiring person called Wilhelm Konrad von something, ignorant of politics and not a devotee of dialectical materialism or any other philosophy, was wasting his time working on abstruse academic problems of no practical value, he would have regarded him with contempt. Von Röntgen would not have minded being told that he was pursuing an "elegant pastime." He was interested in the phenomena of electric discharge in high vacua, and did not guess that the result of his work would be the discovery of very penetrating rays which would be used in the diagnosis of human illness. As he afterwards said himself: "I found by accident that the rays penetrated black paper." He had been using barium platinocyanide with the object of detecting invisible rays, but with no thought of such rays being particularly penetrating. He left some of this substance on a bench near his vacuum tube, and chanced to notice that although the room was dark and there was opaque black paper in between, the barium platinocyanide became fluorescent.

So far was von Röntgen from requiring to work in a group, that from the time of seeing the fluorescence he isolated himself for three weeks, working at high pressure without discussing the phenomenon that he had witnessed with anyone. At first he ate and slept in his laboratory. Because he was allowed to pursue his elegant pastime—in other words, to do something worth while for its own sake—he became one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. As Professor R. A. Gregory has written: "After the discovery of Röntgen rays, their application to medicine was soon seen." "After" is the key word.

Professor Bernal says that people minimise the achievements of Soviet science because in the U.S.S.R. there is accord between the organisation of science and the philosophy of dialectical materialism. Nonsense! Every scientist knows that a good research worker may be a Communist or a Tory, a militarist or a pacifist, a jazz-lover or a musician; it makes no difference, provided only that first and foremost he is a scientist, a person with an irresistible urge to find out. Let those whose real interest is politics be politicians and not masquerade under another name.

Department of Zoology, Oxford. JOHN R. BAKER

NAZI-SOVIET PERSECUTION

SIR,—It would not be proper for me to comment upon the justice of Professor Laski's review of my book, *The Politics of Democratic Socialism,* in the current number of your paper. I must leave those who read the book to judge for themselves. But I should like to say one word about Professor Laski's comment on the treatment in the first Appendix (by Miss Jane Samuel) of the evidence for German and Russian barbarity.

Professor Laski gives the impression that the evidence of persecution in Russia is different in kind from that he—and those who think with him—accept in the case of Germany. There is absolutely no grounds upon which such a view could be based. The evidence used in the Appendix is precisely the same for both countries. The evidence for the executions is to be found in the columns of both the controlled Presses The evidence for the torture of prisoners is, in both cases, obtained from refugees and resident newspaper correspondents. The verdict on the evidence *must* be the same, favourable or unfavourable, in both cases. It is impossible to acquit the one and condemn the other.

I am sorry that Professor Laski, whose hatred of political persecution in all countries is honoured by all those who know him, and who is justly sickened by the ferocity of the German terror, should lend his influential name, even indirectly, to the sentimental and hypocritical complacence with which members of the Left wing of the Labour Party have contemplated the revolting cruelty of the Communist dictatorship in Russia.

E. F. M. DURBIN

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

SIR,—Mr. Crossman in the course of his learned "general knowledge," asks the question: "Who was declared by his enemies to have married his daughter? Was it Swift?"

Swift is said to have married his *sister* by those who believe that he and Stella were both begotten by Sir William Temple.

Henry VIII was accused of marrying his *daughter* on the possible but insufficient grounds that Anne Boleyn's mother had been his mistress. The only place I can recall for this in print is a very rare tract written by an Irish priest in Latin and printed and suppressed in Lisbon. It adds that she had six fingers and six toes on hand and foot. SHANE LESLIE

[The question (No. 5) was for the name of the author who was accused of marrying his daughter. Several correspondents have written to say that it was Molière. This must be considered the correct answer, since Henry VIII, though incidentally an author and composer, scarcely qualifies under this heading.—ED., *N. S. & N.*].

CATHARSIS

SIR,—"Would the crew be much heartened," asks Roger Marvell, "by Oedipus Rex, or De Rerum Natura, by Lear . . .?"

It happens that a letter from a lecturer at a provincial University has just reached me. "There is a certain freshness of discovery to compensate for the lack of background," writes my correspondent. "One young man, who said he began to study *King Lear* in a general state of confusion, wrote that the end was not depressing but left him 'with a kind of singing joy inside him.'"

For others who find freshness (as well as tragedy) heartening may I quote a seven-year-old friend who has recently discovered the joys of poetry? He saw the full moon, stared, and turned to his mother. "Do you think," he asked, "that anybody has ever thought of writing a poem about the moon?"

Sandy, Beds. SUSAN MILES

"GOD'S UMBRELLA"

SIR,—I was interested to see that Critic bears witness in your columns to my gift of prognostication. World recognition will no doubt follow in due course.

May I add that the vision of Mr. Chamberlain and his umbrella was vouchsafed to me as early as 1915, though it was not, as Critic states, revealed to the then-unheeding world till 1918.

As those Flauberts of ancient Israel, the Hebrew prophets, knew well, it is incumbent on such stylists, more than on other writers, to polish and perfect their phrases; and therefore I should like also to add that the extract you print has been amended to read "this tridimensial Universe is too narrow," etc.

Chelsea, S.W.3. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

WHEN IS A FIORD NOT A FIORD?

SIR,—May I use your columns to express my admiration at the performance put up by exponents of international law during the past fortnight? I have seen the three-card trick worked and I have watched the operations of secondhand car dealers. I have studied holding company finance and the railway campaign for a square deal. I have also listened to specialists in the recovery of income tax, but for sustained lofty chicanery the international jurists bear the palm. Allow me to salute them in the name of their patron saint, Cagliostro. G. L. SCHWARTZ

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE is only one large city in Europe of which the greater part—such is the ignominy of our civilisation—does not disgust the eye. In a hundred cities, in Bath, in Nancy, in Lisbon, even in London, there are quarters still unravaged, but Venice alone has suffered so little alteration in the last hundred years that there we can still see what was a general pleasure of the eye in the eighteenth century. The chief blot upon the scene must have been the human beings, the rickety and starving children, the pock-marked, noseless women, the corpses of men rotting upon the gallows : and anyone who has travelled in Asia or Africa knows how the spectacle of human disfigurement can spoil the enjoyment of the most picturesque architecture. The word "ugly," I gather from the O.E.D., has been applied in its present visual sense to persons and animals since the fourteenth century, but not till the end of the seventeenth century we find it used of things, and this use remained rare, I fancy, until the nineteenth century. Before that there were indeed tumbledown hovels and noisome rookeries, but the eye met few artifacts, in the whole range between cathedrals and spoons, that deserved to be called ugly. Men then refreshed themselves with contemplating the growing splendour of the city as they now find consolation in the beauties of landscape.

* * *

This change is, I think, given too little consideration by Mr. Basil Willey in his new book *The Eighteenth Century Background* (Chatto and Windus, 15*s*.). As in his admirable *Seventeenth Century Background*, he is concerned not with the material scene, but with ideas—in this case with the idea of "Nature" which in varying shapes obsessed the moral and political philosophers of the period. Pope at the beginning of the century, no less fervently than Wordsworth at its end, proclaimed his veneration of Nature, but in the interval the idea of Nature had radically changed. Mr. Willey traces the history of this change from Shaftesbury and Burnet through Butler, Hume, Hartley, Holbach and Priestley, to Godwin and Burke. Much of the book, he tells us, "can be regarded as prolegomena to the study of Wordsworth and Coleridge" :

> What Wordsworth saw in mountains was due most assuredly to what his eyes brought means of seeing ; but we may also say that neither he nor others of his time might have lifted up their eyes to the hills for such help if the eighteenth century had not so unfalteringly directed them towards the visible universe as the clearest evidence of God.

At the beginning of the century Burnet is shocked by the lack of symmetry in mountains, the untidiness of the sea : in these he finds evidence of the Fall. "It would have cost no more to have made things in better order ; nay, it had been more easy and more simple ; and accordingly we are assured that all things were made at first in Beauty and proportion." The change from this mediaeval view to Wordsworth's took place in two stages. First came the wave of optimism, apparent in such men as Shaftesbury, Pope, Addison, Thomson and Chesterfield, an optimism that reflected, as Mr. Willey points out, the contentment of a class. Civil wars and revolutions, superstitions and inquisitions, were done with. "In the early and middle years of the eighteenth century the wealthy and the educated of Europe must have enjoyed almost the nearest approach to earthly felicity ever known to man." When confronted with the spectacle of other people's pain and misery, these cheerful devotees of Nature talked gaily of the need in a picture for shade as well as light. Ignorance is "the opiate" of the poor, "a cordial administered by the gracious hand of Providence." One recognises in a more urbane form St. Thomas Aquinas's belief that the joy of the redeemed in Heaven is increased by the sight of the damned suffering unspeakable tortures in Hell. From their new-built Palladian porticoes the grandees and their client authors watched complacently the labouring hinds, a "fond sequacious herd." Whatever was, was right.

* * *

Mr. Willey rather surprisingly does not refer to the event that did most to shatter the faith of these optimists or "cosmic Tories." In 1755 the city of Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, and this catastrophe, so evidently indiscriminate in the suffering it inflicted, profoundly disturbed those who had found such ready explanations for the misfortunes of the poor. Voltaire seized upon it, and in *Candide* (1759) laughed the optimists out of court. In the same year Dr. Johnson, too good a Christian ever to be an optimist, produced *Rasselas* with a similar moral. The cult of Nature now developed in a different direction. In the first half of the century the civilisation of Western Europe was considered the fine flower of "Nature" ; but now the irrational notion gained ground that the ingenious contrivances of *homo sapiens* were, unlike the constructions of the bee and the ant, not a part of "Nature." Civilisation was condemned as unnatural, the noble savage was idealised. Diderot indeed used the Tahitian, rather as Tacitus had used the German, as a stick to belabour what he deplored in the life around him. But Rousseau in his cult of Nature was inspired by a sort of pantheism founded upon his particular response to the beauty of landscape. In his writings the Wordsworthian view is for the first time explicit. Mr. Willey makes the point well :

> "Nature" may be conceived rationally or emotionally. Indeed the history of the idea in the eighteenth century can be described in the most general terms as its development from a rational into an emotional principle. . . . This change is associated with the growth of the cult of sensibility, the substitution of "je sens, donc je suis" for "cogito, ergo sum," the increasing value attributed to impulse and spontaneity, and the decreasing importance attached to pure reason.

Wordsworth's cult of Nature can be attacked as in part "escapism," due to his disappointment with the French Revolution. "How infinitely preferable seemed things as they are to things as they may be made, the feelings to the reason, instinctive living to thinking, children and rustics to philosophers, one impulse from a vernal wood to all the sages, England to France, the Lake District to the rest of England !" Moreover, as Aldous Huxley suggested in his admirable essay *Wordsworth in the Tropics*, this religion of Nature was a product of "the cosy sublimities of Westmorland." On the greater part of the world's surface Nature presents herself to man as a hostile force, often to be propitiated by devil worship. Yet an environment unfavourable to human life, one may point out, can inspire Wordsworthian sentiments, though it cannot easily be made a proof of the Creator's benificences. In the XIXth century, the cult of the Alps replaced for some eminent agnostics the worship of God, and a stiff climb provided just the element of asceticism required by these professedly rationalistic Puritans. Mr. Willey considers that the joy in Nature felt to-day is "for the most part that of physical and nervous regeneration rather than of spiritual assurance." Here, I suggest, he stretches too far the use of the word nervous. Men to-day may not usually find in Nature a witness to Divine Providence, but the countryside does encourage them to feel "philosophical"—that is to say it strengthens their sense of proportion, quieting ignoble anxieties and desires, it encourages resignation to destiny, and inspires them with a sense of grandeur and mystery. Nature, in fact, works upon modern men very much as great music or painting does, not by conveying a lesson but by producing a state of mind.

* * *

As I suggested in my first paragraph, it is not a coincidence that Wordsworth lived during the Industrial Revolution. As our cities have grown more hideous, our need to find consolation in the countryside has become more urgent. Mr. Willey, with great learning and lucidity, has exhibited the alteration in the intellectual concept of Nature, and this important book will be enjoyed by everyone interested in eighteenth century literature and thought. But the emotional response to Nature, I believe, has altered less than such studies as this would have us believe. The feelings that became explicit in Rousseau and Wordsworth are very ancient : they existed already in ancient China as well as in Greece and Rome. Nor are they, as is sometimes urged, confined to the jaded visitor from the city. Inarticulately as a rule, but profoundly, they are active in ploughmen, shepherds and fishermen ; and have, I believe, been active since the beginning of history. It is not only that the sources of their livelihood, meadows, downs and forests, have a beauty rhythmically changing with the seasons, but that among them men are reassured, feeling themselves to be a part of a vast and effective system. Even in the Stone Age did not the troglodytes of the Pyrenees and the Dordogne respond to the aspect of Spring, when they left their smoky shelters to fish the flooded streams ? The poor of the great cities alone are deprived of this happiness, and it is possibly the most damaging and wicked of all their privations.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

AN ELIZABETHAN ANARCHIST

Christopher Marlowe. By FREDERICK S. BOAS. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

As we travel back through the generations of English writers, there comes a moment when we seem to lose touch with the modern world. Pope, Congreve, Dryden are modern men; but, behind them, the Commonwealth and the Restoration shut off a universe that we may admire but cannot altogether understand—the mysterious landscape inhabited by the great Jacobean and Elizabethan poets. A feature of this landscape is its unexpectedness. Who can say that he finds it easy to fit the very little that we know of Shakespeare's life into any comprehensive or convincing pattern? To the study of Marlowe's career, Dr. Boas has devoted no less than forty years' scholarship and intensive research: but the information he has amassed (though extremely interesting) makes it, if possible, even harder to draw Marlowe's portrait. Yet certain striking characteristics do at length emerge. Marlowe is discovered (like the almost equally brilliant, equally ill-fated Cyril Tourneur) as a denizen of that shadowy Elizabethan underworld where poets, pamphleteers and struggling scholars rubbed shoulders with political spies and secret agents, and it was a single step—often uncomfortably rapid—from the nobleman's anteroom to the cell and the torture-chamber.

Marlowe's life had begun under the happiest auspices. The descendant of solid Canterbury tradesmen, "he had obtained," writes Dr. Boas, "a scholarship at the King's School just before he would have become ineligible. After an unusually brief attendance there, he had been chosen by John Parker to hold one of his father's scholarships at Corpus Christi College. He had taken his Cambridge B.A. within the shortest legal limit. He had held his scholarship . . . for the maximum period of six years. . . . He had been given some temporary government employment in which he had acquitted himself so well that the Privy Council had taken the very unusual step of directing the University authorities not to delay the conferment on him of the M.A. degree. While yet in his twenty-third year he had won such an instant triumph with his first play performed on the public stage that he had been obliged to follow it at once with a second part, though he had really used up his original materials. . . ." *Tamburlaine I* and *II* reveal Marlowe, not only as a magnificent artificer of the blank verse line and a poet of superb energy and imagination, but as a young dramatist with a shrewd eye for the main chance. In spite of its extraordinary outbursts of lyrical eloquence, *Tamburlaine* is essentially popular stuff, calculated to afford a splendid pretext for the shows and sword-play that a contemporary audience favoured. But the conception of the chief character is Marlowe's own—a ruthless Machiavellian hero (presented with hardly a touch of customary Senecan moralising on human fortunes) who is blessed or cursed with the possession of an "aspiring mind"—

> Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
> And always moving as the restless spheres

—an "infinite thirst" for experience and power and beauty.

The poet's first great dramatic triumph occurred in 1587 or 1588; "and in the latter part of 1589 he was probably busy upon *The Jew of Malta*, with which he was to win another immediate theatrical success." Again, the theme he chose was recommended by its strong popular appeal; for the personalities of various eminent Jewish adventurers had impressed itself upon the English imagination, and Marlowe had only to turn to Lonicerus' and Belleforest's account of the Portuguese Jew, whom the Sultan Selim II had made Duke of Naxos and who had been distinguished by his anti-Christian zeal, to find all the material his drama needed. Marlowe seemed marked out for fame and prosperity; but, in the meantime, that eager, fiery temperament and ungovernable curiosity had begun to appear under a more dangerous guise, while the boldness of his speculations became notorious. Recent research has established that, during September, 1589, he spent two weeks among the felons of Newgate gaol, where he had been committed after a street brawl in which a certain Thomas Watson had killed Thomas Bradley, the truculent son of a Holborn innkeeper. The depositions in this case make uncommonly lively reading; and Bradley's cry as he turned his sword-point on Watson (who had sought to intervene in his scuffle with Marlowe): "*Art thou now come! Then I will have about with thee!*" might be an echo of half a dozen Shakespearian duel scenes.

No doubt there was a streak of savagery in Marlowe's make-up; and at a slightly later stage he was described, perhaps not altogether without justification, as violent, ill-natured and "quick on the draw," prone to "attempting soden pryvie injuries," from which "rashnes" his acquaintances did their best to dissuade him. Worse still, he was an indiscreet and daring talker. At a time when the holding of atheistical doctrines was as perilous as the propagation of Communist views under a modern totalitarian government, Marlowe did not hesitate to avow his disbelief. His sallies (as reported by Kyd in a letter to the Lord Keeper, Sir John Puckering) have too individual a flavour to be wholly fictitious. A "mad and scoffing poet," Cambridge wit and reputed homosexual, he may well have thrown off these shocking gibes on the subject of Christ and "the disciple whom Jesus loved," St. Paul (whom, he said, he "esteemed a Jugler"), the Prodigal Son and Christian miracles. Nor was Kyd, desperately attempting to save his own skin, the only contemporary witness against Marlowe's orthodoxy. Richard Baines also acted as informer, repeating the same view in almost the same phrases, but with some noteworthy additions. Thus a reference to Thomas Harriot, a distinguished scientist and "Sir W. Raleigh's man" (who, Marlowe declared, could have reproduced any of Moses' miraculous feats) appears to identify the poet with Raleigh's reputed "School of Atheism"; while it is illuminating to learn that Marlowe once considered anticipating the methods of M. Gide's *Faux Monnayeurs*, with a similar revolutionary or anti-social purpose, announcing "That he had as good right to coine as the Queen of England, and that he was acquainted with one Poole a prisoner in Newgate who hath greate skill in mixture of metalls and having learned some things of him he ment through help of a Cunninge stamp maker to Coin ffrench Crownes pistoletes and English shillinges."

On the 20th May, 1593, Marlowe was summoned to appear before the Privy Council. But—for the last time—he was lucky in the upshot; and, "instead of being imprisoned and tortured like Kyd," he was released, being merely commanded "to give his daily attendance on their lordships till he was licensed to the contrary." At the end of the following month, we find him at Deptford Strand, spending the day at an inn with three acquaintances, among others that villainous personage Robert Poley, *agent provocateur*, gaol-bird and secret envoy, who had played an important and disreputable role in the Babington Plot. Both the characters and record of the persons present, and a number of curious details in the story unfolded at the inquest—why should Marlowe, while lying on a bed, have suddenly snatched out Friser's dagger and stabbed at him from behind; and how could Friser, though pinned between two companions, have contrived to wheel about, wrest it away and inflict a mortal injury?—lent colour to an ingenious suggestion that Marlowe may have been "the victim of a deliberately planned political murder." Dr. Boas is obliged to return an open verdict. There is so much that we do not know and shall probably never know: Marlowe's life must be pieced together from occasional fragments: his likeness shines out fitfully through clouds of conjecture—poet and anarchist, a revolutionary in life and art. Dr. Boas's volume makes few concessions to the general reader: but it will prove a work of absorbing interest to those who love his subject.

PETER QUENNELL

NEW NOVELS

Grey Birds. By ARTHUR VAN SCHENDEL. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

The House in Haarlem. By ARTHUR VAN SCHENDEL. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

The Morning is Near Us. By SUSAN GLASPELL. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Children of God. By VARDIS FISHER. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Grey Birds and *The House in Haarlem* are the first two volumes of a trilogy by the Dutch writer, Arthur van Schendel, which promises when it is complete to present an astonishing picture of ideas to the reader. *Grey Birds* tells the story of a man who dooms himself by not believing in God, who apparently takes the rather petty revenge of making him always unlucky. He is a market gardener, and potato-blights, hailstorms which break his glass, chimneys which crash to the ground, blind and mad relatives, all conspire to teach him that the old religion's better after all. He remains firm in his unbelief, and is finally punished when a particularly brutal murder destroys his family. Something profound seems to be intended, but the moral that the average reader is likely to draw from the story is that the accident-prone should avoid market gardening as a profession.

The House in Haarlem also seems to intend to raise dignified thought about original sin and all manner of things about the sense of guilt, but it can only provoke the thought that very foolish people are liable to make a sad mess of living. The story here is concerned with the son of a bankrupt suicide who is brought up in the house of an uncle. The Uncle is a puritanic fool, who allows the boy to grow up conscious that he is a charity child and manifestly suspected of inherited moral frailty. As any normal being would, he grows up resentful and rebellious; never being given a brass farthing for pocket money, he steals; later, tired of never seeing a smiling face in his home, he goes to find laughter and companionship in the pub. Pub-visiting and laughing in the street with young men naturally leads to prison, and after that it's just a matter of time before the young wastrel breaks his uncle's heart. The story ends as *Grey Birds* ended, in murder, this time in a burning house, the house of the title which the nephew has set on fire. This is all sad if true, but it means nothing. Very few murderers are the children of suicides, the load of guilt carried by the children of bankrupt parents must rarely lead them to drunkenness and prison, and even the combination must rarely prove fatal to the next generation. It is not unfair to say that these two novels are the Dutch counterparts of the earthy, yeasty, rustic novels which are produced in this country. The characters are the same glum lot in the grip of doom of a mysterious character, and they have the same brutish reluctance to make the simple remarks which would explain their reasons for disliking each other and clear up the misunderstandings which lead so unreasonably to murder. If these two books had been written by Arthur Smith and the locale had been England, one would see at once that they were funny as *Cold Comfort Farm* was funny, and there would be none of this awed prattle about commanding levels and timeless nobility which the story about the unlucky gardener has provoked. Apart from anything else, there is something extremely boring about doomed characters who have no Reason for Passion to triumph over; they have a repulsive quality of twee, Barriesque helplessness, and their dumb acquiescence in the mess and disorder is unutterably dreary.

Mr. van Schendel's characters are at the mercy of a brutal Calvinist God, and are in a worse position than Miss Glaspell's characters, who are helpless in the hands of Fate in the tradition of Greek tragedy. The title is from a passage in the work of Euripides, which is quoted on the title page:

> Oh, the morning is near us, the morning!
> Even now his forerunner approaches,
> Yon dim-shining star.

A very dim shining star, it is too. The Fates have lost something of their vigour and their methods seem to have softened with time, the furies they unleash teasing like schoolgirls and threatening nothing worse than disagreeable local gossip. There is, too, a certain contrast between the Euripidean doom and the modern doom under which Miss Glaspell's characters labour. The characters in the plays lurch on from one horror to the next: because they have allowed their passions to triumph over their reason, they pay the bill for irrational behaviour. The modern doomed character sinks into the mire because he has no power of reasoning; in all three of these books the horror hinges on the inability of the characters to communicate with each other about very simple matters. The first hundred pages of Miss Glaspell's novel are occupied with the heroine coming to live in her father's house on the outskirts of a small American town in the face of mysterious and guarded opposition; nobody has the sense to say "Now Miss Chippman, your father shot a man in the kitchen of this house, and in the circumstances we don't think you'd be very happy living here." Indeed, everyone in the book is so tongue-tied that they haven't even been able to tell this fully adult woman that the murder has taken place or that her father escaped the death penalty by pleading insanity. The heroine herself is such a dumb cow that, after motoring ninety-three miles to see her murderer of a father, all she can do is sit and look at him from a little distance:

> They were near enough he could have heard her voice had she called out to him, and they were as far as if she were on one star and he on another. There he sat, and her longing to go up and say friendly things was a longing for the unattainable.

Why? Because he is sitting still and thinking, therefore beyond all human contact. At the end of the day the heroine discovers that her father killed his man because he'd slandered Mother: he'd killed to protect her name. Because Mother was readily accessible and had any number of lovers, the heroine is the child of another man, her name needed a lot of protecting and the murder appears as the natural act of a man of feeling who loved his wife. The name of Euripides on the title page becomes a black joke; he expressed a hearty loathing of murder in a society capable of bringing a real human head on to the stage in a performance of his *Bacchae*, about two thousand four hundred years ago. One feels the dim-shining forerunner must have gone back and called the morning off.

The story of the Mormons makes one of the most fascinating chapters in American history, and a novel concerned with it is bound to be interesting. Mr. Vardis Fisher is neither a profound psychologist nor a stylist, but he produces his material in good order and tells his story; it is not great literature but it is good, plain story-telling. Joseph Smith was born in 1805 and had a vision of the Father and Son in his fifteenth year, when they told him that none of the Christian religions had the divine approval and warning him that he should have nothing to do with them. Three years later the Angel Moroni appeared to him and showed him the book of Mormon, Urim and Thummim, and seer stones which enabled him to translate its Egyptian characters. The translated book is a curious imitation of the Elizabethan Bible which tells a puerile story about the origin of the American Indians lacking merit of any kind. What is extraordinary is that it formed the base of a sound and not unattractive religion. Moderation was its fundamental principle, and its theories about property and the place of the individual in society were socialist. Unfortunately, early vicious persecution led to the formation of a secret society of avengers in the Mormon ranks, murder stained the record and, with polygamy, gave its enemies opportunity to blacken the name of Mormonism and to justify its suppression. The settlement of Utah under Brigham Young may be familiar to English readers, the early years of the religion and the martyrdom of Joseph Smith and the last phase of defeat by industrialism are less familiar but are just as curious and interesting. An unusual and enjoyable book.

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VALUES IN FICTION

The Novel and the Modern World. By DAVID DAICHES. *Cambridge Press for University of Chicago Press.* 15*s.*

This book is a series of short studies of Galsworthy, Conrad, Katherine Mansfield, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Aldous Huxley, sandwiched between considerations of a more general character. It is distinguished by brevity and intelligence, and though the political point of departure is the conventional Marxist one, the author is sufficiently sensitive to works of art to avoid the grosser errors of Communist literary criticism. He is incapable, for instance, of the abysmal silliness of the contributors to *The Mind in Chains*, that low-water-mark of twentieth-century criticism. The Nineteen-Thirties certainly deserved this vade-mecum and one may hope that they have borne it away with them. Mr. Daiches, though tarred with the same brush, has at least preserved his freedom of movement.

The thesis of his book is that from the Renaissance to 1900, speaking roughly, the *Weltanschauung* underlying all fiction was that set out in its clearest form by Montaigne; that since 1900—and more particularly since 1918—the disarray of European thought has driven novelists to seek in elaborations of method and mere *tableaux* of reality a series of substitutes for a general system of values which would otherwise have underpinned their work and made such experiments unnecessary. In stating this theory Mr. Daiches makes the interesting point about "objective" and "subjective" art, that "the difference . . . is, at bottom, quantitative; if a sufficient number of people have the same subjective impression it becomes objective—real." The use of the word *real* here is questionable (what makes a subjective impression less "real" than an objective one?) but the distinction is useful and so is its corollary: that "we only become self-conscious about symbolism when we have lost our natural, common symbols"—when, in fact, symbolism has become Symbolisme. But when all is said and done, it is not *Weltanschauung* but Character that interests the majority of people in novels, and Mr. Daiches is right in saying that the greatest achievement of the twentieth century in the field of fiction consists in "the evolution of a new technique in the presentation of character." Galsworthy, however, can make no claim to have advanced this technique, and I cannot help feeling that Mr. Daiches' effort to establish him as an artist ("a quality of sensitivity in descriptive passages!") was a waste of time. Indeed, it is not till he gets to Joyce that Mr. Daiches really exemplifies his case; the four essays on that perplexing but great writer are by far the best thing in the book—partly, no doubt, because Joyce is the only one of the novelists under consideration who commands the author's wholehearted admiration.

> If Joyce could coin one kaleidoscopic word with an infinite series of meanings, a word which said everything in one instant yet leaving its infinity of meanings reverberating and mingling in the mind, he would have reached his ideal.

That is well said and is an acute criticism of *Finnegan's Wake*; but when we are asked to consider Joyce as a writer who has substituted method for a view of life, we may well feel that Mr. Daiches has overlooked the Catholic sense of Good and Evil which underlies every scene of *Ulysses* and without which the character of Stephen Dedalus makes nonsense. And it is the same misconception that leads Mr. Daiches to call *Ulysses* a comedy and to add: "We do not have tragic relief in comedy." But what about the novels of Henry James, a writer of capital importance for the present age who receives hardly a mention in this book? And *Diana of the Crossways*? And Mr. Maugham's *The Circle*?

The worst of these is that they have to be substantiated; what will not fit in just has to be left out. Nothing but Marxism has prevented Mr. Daiches from writing a first-rate essay on Mrs. Woolf. The world of her best novel, *The Waves*, is no more circumscribed than that of Jane Austen; within it the values are perfectly firm. To Mr. Daiches, however, there is something sinful in deliberate selection from experience. Writing of *Mrs. Dalloway* he says:—

> But somehow there is a crack that shows light between form and substance. To take what is perhaps an overcurious analogy: it is (or was) a noble thing to be a suffragette, and nothing else. But who would be a suffragette and nothing else in a world menaced by Fascism?

Obviously no one, since the need for suffragettes has long since lapsed. But substitute for suffragette "composer of symphonies" and the analogy is seen to be otiose, unless it be urged that all artistic activity should be postponed until the struggle is over—a suggestion of which one may well feel the force but which is nowhere overtly stated in this book. Of course, Mr. Daiches was writing before the present war broke out; by now a good many writers are prosecuting the struggle against Fascism with weapons other than the pen, and by the time they take the latter up again Fascism and Communism may have become interchangeable terms. It would be ungenerous to blame Mr. Daiches for not foreseeing the ultimate vileness of Stalin and the hopeless degeneration of the system he misrepresents.

Yet with all its faults this book does pierce to the centre of the problem of serious fiction; and that problem consists in the fact that greatness, in a novel, does not necessarily mean artistic perfection. Sometimes, of course, it does: *Madame Bovary*, *L'Education Sentimentale*, *The Wings of the Dove*, *Le Lys dans la Vallée*, are as perfect as, say, Fauré's *Requiem*. But *Les Illusions Perdues* is not, nor is *Bleak House*. Further exemplification is unnecessary: the reader can make parallel lists for himself. The point is that the aesthete and the true-blue novelist (they can exist in the same person—e.g. Balzac) are out after different game, and it is absurd to blame the one for lacking the qualities of the other. Mr. Daiches sees this, but he allows his Marxist preoccupation to cloud his vision at important points. This is a pity, for his criticism of detail could hardly be better. His book shows a profound knowledge of fictional methods and a real insight into what novelists are after. If only he had given himself a little more space (the essays are far too short for all the author evidently has to say), this book might have taken its place beside those of Edmund Wilson, among the most distinguished pieces of criticism that America has sent us for a long time.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

ANOTHER GREAT VICTORIAN

Philosophical and Literary Pieces. By SAMUEL ALEXANDER, O.M. Edited, with a Memoir, by JOHN LAIRD. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

This book consists of the reprints of articles written and lectures delivered by Professor Alexander over a period of some thirty years beginning in 1906. Some of the articles, such as "The Art of Jane Austen" and an admirable essay on the style (as opposed to the thought) of Pascal, are comparatively light; others such as "Spinoza," a Manchester University lecture, and an article on "Naturalism and Value" go deeper and are distinguished by some of the characteristic features of Alexander's thought. Nothing has been printed which might be regarded as having been superseded by Alexander's great work *Space, Time and Deity*.

The collection is prefaced by a memoir by Alexander's literary executor, Professor Laird. This is wholly admirable; inspired by that natural piety which is the theme of one of Alexander's articles, it contrives, nevertheless, to be a minor work of art. There has, it is obvious, been patient collation of some very haphazard material; there have been judicious selection and careful arrangement, and there is also some very pretty writing. Manchester, despite the "hesitating softness of its climate, seemed to suit Alexander much better than Oxford." "Hesitating softness!" The words, so happily exact, bear witness to the verbal felicity which continually delights the reader of this very agreeable memoir. Laird was for many years one of Alexander's close friends, and, speaking from my own recollection of his subject, I should say that the picture that emerges is as near the truth as anyone has a right to expect. Indeed, as a lifelong friend of Alexander's confided to the present reviewer, if Alexander had had a spiritual double who wrote about himself, this is pretty much what he would have written.

The picture that emerges is that of the stock philosopher of legend. Alexander was large and ungainly, absent-minded and abominably dressed; his voice was rich and mellow; he was extremely lovable and he was the best companion in the world. All who came into contact with him knew "the delight that it was to be with him"; so, as Laird slyly remarks, did Alexander. But the fact that he *did* know did not diminish the delight. He is particularly nice to and beloved of small boys and girls; he is worshipped by his students, especially his women students; he rides nine miles on a bicycle at the end of a long day to catch a late train to Manchester because he hears that his dog is ill; he demonstrates difficult ideas to his class by drawing diagrams on the soles of his boots; and he is turned away from dinner parties by the

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WAR BEGINS AT HOME

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Edited by

Tom Harrisson and Charles Madge

[CHATTO & WINDUS 9/6]

THE book to which the *Manchester Guardian* gave the whole of a first leader, while Sir Richard Acland, M.P., made a speech in the House about "the results of this quite objective, trained and scientific organization."

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servants of his friends who think that he is a tramp. How delightful and also how typical! Is it any wonder that Alexander became one of the outstanding figures in Manchester, a figure which, as the years passed, became bathed in an increasingly mellow light and in the end—what is given only to the very famous while still alive—began to accrete to itself the crust of legend and to recede behind the veils of mythology? Thus Alexander cycles to Liverpool to lecture and spend the night with a well-to-do host. "Professor Alexander has brought no dress clothes," says the awed valet to the host. "Shall I procure some, sir?" But there is no suit large enough, and out of deference to the distinguished guest, the company comes down to dinner in morning dress, only to find Alexander already arrayed resplendent in dress clothes. "How did you get them?" asks his host. "They were underneath," says Alexander; and it subsequently appears that his pyjamas were underneath the dress suit. (Professor Laird, it is only fair to say, gives the story rather differently and adds that he has "only insufficient confirmation" of it.)

Alexander is seen in retrospect to belong to a past age, the age of the great Victorians. One notes, for example, the mildness of a life in which the throwing of a loaf of bread across the breakfast room by an irritated don (Warde Fowler) is an event of sufficient importance to put an end to the practice of common-room breakfasts; or the offer by a Swiss guide to lend his toothbrush to a tourist who has lost his own recorded as an event in a diary. One notes that combination of complexity of mind and simplicity of life which belongs to the figures of a heroic age. "The secret of his character and thinking," Alexander wrote of Nettleship, "we gather to have been a simplicity and sincerity and directness of contact with whatever he did and thought." The description might be applied with equal appositeness to Alexander himself. One notes, again, that he was one of the last to philosophise in the grand manner, taking the whole universe as his province and producing, almost* for the last time in English thought, what deserves to be called "a philosophy." Laird remarks that Alexander had the "passion and mastery of a speculative philosopher of genius." Such passion, perhaps even such mastery, were not unusual in the Victorian age, when men still believed that it was possible to discover the nature of the universe by the discursive activity of human thinking. I wonder how many believe that now.

Finally, Alexander's philosophy is Victorian in its optimism. The nature of the universe is, it appears, that of a progress. Space is the raw material of things; time its mind; at a particular stage of the progress life emerges; at the end deity is reached. The universe in fact is a striving towards deity *which succeeds.* God did not make the world, but the world evolves into God. Possibly, possibly not! Fifty years ago, the nature of things did look as if it were going to the good rather than to the devil.

C. E. M. JOAD

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* Almost, but not quite: *Space, Time and Deity* was published in 1920, McTaggart's *The Nature of Existence* appeared in 1921, and Whitehead's *Process and Reality* in 1929.

THE BLUE GROVE

The Blue Grove: the Poetry of the Uraons. By W. G ARCHER, with a foreword by ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.*

Within a few months of John Murray's publication of a notable book on the Baigas of Central India, by Verrier Elwin, another publisher has had the courage to bring out this further document of Indian tribal life which, if far more limited in scope, is of great importance by reason of its subject and the originality with which it is treated. The Uraons are an aboriginal tribe of Dravidian stock, also in Central India. Their stories are full of kings and queens as well as sagacious wild animals, and their ancestry is as old as the Mahabharata. The ruins of at least one great city, extending over twenty-nine miles, can still be seen, with which many of their heroic legends are connected. There are various standard works on the Uraons, but the present book by a young Civil Servant is a rarity in several respects. It is, as Mr. Arthur Waley says in his preface, one of few examples of Indian poetry put into English with sensitivity and skill, and it systematically relates the songs to the social activities out of which they spring. Perhaps it will set a new fashion among ethnologists, who have hitherto been strangely indifferent to traditional songs. We have often lamented the lack in ethnological studies of any capacity to observe or describe the dances which are a central interest in tribal life. Here, too, Mr. Archer is an exception; for he gives careful and occasionally vivid descriptions of the dances which almost all the songs accompany, and shows an admirable perception of the interrelation of instrumental, dance and song rhythm.

Very important too is the light thrown by this book on the intelligibility of primitive songs. Mr. Arthur Waley shows how often songs are classed as pointless and irrational which are in reality full of most precise and logical meaning, just because the transmitter has failed to grasp the system of imagery employed, or to obtain a proper explanation of dialect words, archaisms and euphonic distortions. Mr. Archer's intimate knowledge of the life and language of the Uraons makes him an excellent guide to their poetry, and his freedom of approach is very stimulating. Carols, seventeenth-century lyrics, music-hall songs, surrealist theory—all supply him with illustrations. His notes on the poems are lively little essays on imagery, and they are so illuminating that I am afraid the songs may not have much significance if quoted without them. Here, however, are two that seem to need no elucidation, home-sick songs of a married girl:

Wood, you are cutting wood, mother
But the shoots will not spring again
Will never spring again.
My mind is dying in the rocky uplands
Never will the shoots spring again.

In the jungle the peacock cries
By the spring the parrot calls
Parrot, do not call; hawk, do not cry
As yours is my sorrow
As yours is my fortune.

It is tempting to quote from the match-making dialogues in which the human protagonists are veiled under the imagery of fruit or animals. But these ritual allegories are worked out with such an effective use of dramatic detail that one would only spoil them by quoting a fragment. They must be read entire; they are certainly one of the best things in the book, and delightful as an example of nascent drama. I will end with a few riddles.

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and a scrap of Uraon folk-tale which brings this dance-loving tribe vividly before one:

> The boy with the hundred eyes behind. A peacock.
> A raja has a hoof on his knee. A grasshopper.
> The white storks dance in the pond. Maize frying in a pan.
> A ghost speaks from a dry piece of wood. A gun.
> A fish sports in a drop of water. The tongue.
> The hanged and buried enemy is coming. A drum.
> The black feather of a white line goes from house to house. A letter.

> . . . So keen was he on sport that in a single night he would dance in seven villages and return home before the night was out. He used to take his tomtom with him, and repairing to the village square he would patter thus: dong ding, ding dong; such was his prelude. Young men and maidens, hearing his notes, said to one another: "He has come, girl, Mr. Dingdong.—Come, boy, let us go and dance": and they sallied forth adorned like peacocks. When they become intoxicated with prolonged dancing, he would steal away to another village. They thinking he was still with them danced themselves dead tired. Without him there was no pleasure. . . . To six of those villages the road was easy, but to reach the seventh one had to cross the Koel; hence a bridge of Bauhinia creeper had been thrown over the river. Even when the Koel was full, he would cross it alone. Once it happened that some enemies went and cut that creeper-bridge and returned home. . . . Having got on the creeper he advanced drumming, singing, dancing all the while; but when he reached the middle part it snapped. He fell into the water . . and was drowned. On the morrow the young people across the Koel started a search. . . . They saw the creeper-bridge had been cut into, they searched in the Koel and found him dead. From all the seven villages the people came, and amid laments they buried him, the girls of the seven villages making of their combs a funeral pyre for him.

BERYL DE ZOETE

AFRICA IN WORLD STRATEGY

The Unfinished War. By ERIC MOORE RITCHIE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.*

Mr. Ritchie knows and loves Africa, and writes of it in the downright, "honest to goodness" manner of the talk to be heard when chairs are out on the *stoep* for the tropical sun-downer. In Southern and Settler fashion he is apt to judge African country by its suitability for White Settlement. The natives, however, according to a strange sentence, are to have "a square deal based on the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, than which there are even to-day less competent guides to conduct." Even the Germans are treated with scrupulous fairness. Yet the immediate concern of the book is to show the danger to the security of the white-settled areas, and ultimately of the British Empire as a whole, of ever again allowing any corner of Africa to come under German control.

Germany and also France, it is argued, were quicker than Britain to grasp the significance of the work of the great explorers for the strategic disposition of world power. Stanley for once is fully appreciated—in a lively chapter. Mr. Ritchie's impression may be right, that Conservative England might have reacted differently to the announcement of the Congo discoveries had not Stanley been a social "outcast"—and "altogether too improbable a sort of man." As things turned out, both East and West Britain lost "chances" which Bismarck was ready to seize. Intuition is perhaps not enough to substantiate the charge that the Chancellor aided and abetted Leopold in assuming *sovereignty* of the Congo Free State with a view to absorbing both Belgium and the Congo at one gulp—when the time was ripe. But Mr. Ritchie is on strong ground in alleging that first and last German policy was concerned with strategy and world power, little even with economics, and hardly at all with the interests of the peoples of Africa. There was something more than normally shocking about the carving of African boundaries that gave Germany access from South West Africa to the Zambesi by the monstrous *Caprivi Zipfel*, and from the Cameroons to the Congo by the *Bec de Canard*—the latter only in 1911. This evidence for the prosecution is decisive, even though the book goes on to debunk war-time atrocity mongering and to acquit German colonisation of anything worse than "brutality" (which is not deliberate cruelty) born of ignorance and inexperience.

By 1914, it would seem, we had grasped the strategic issues and at enormous expense obtained possession of the German colonies. But that war, it is held, was "unfinished." Mr. Ritchie, like Mr. Amery last year, deplores the folly of the "colonial lie" and would have had Germany told, in the only language she understands, that having ventured on war and lost, she had lost her colonies too. Now air power, and the shrinkage of distance, make the control of Africa vital to the safety of France, Britain, and above all the British Empire. Restitution would be fatal.

On the military plane, the strategic argument is probably irrefutable. On all grounds—so long as power politics rule—we must rejoice that the seizure of the old German colonies makes it reasonable to hope that Africa will escape this time any such horrible shambles as the East African campaign. Mr. Ritchie's argument from the rights of conquest is, we may hope, out of date, but his conclusion is to be accepted—above all for a reason of which he seems totally unaware. The colonial status is itself indefensible. The only change in status now admissible would be a move towards full membership in some new world order—when we ourselves have made progress in that direction.

W. M. MACMILLAN

DANUBIA

The Danube. By EMIL LENGYEL. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Races of Central Europe. By G. M. MORANT. *Allen and Unwin.* 5*s.*

There comes a moment, in reading *The Danube*, when one has the feeling it may turn out to be quite a good book: it is on page 11, the opening paragraphs of the Introduction. The first sentences are a pardonable flourish of trumpets, for this river is indeed an immense theme, of first-class importance. On turning the page, however, a chill creeps over one's hopes, as one reads:

> The Danube is also the river of romance. Two stars mark the place of its origin in guide-books, officially attesting its beauty. The silver streak of the young Danube in the Black Forest is the tourist's delight. The ruined castles of titled cut-throats are impressive sights, reminders of the time when nobility was synonymous with murder. . . . Budapest, "the dream city," calls, and the mirage of the Magyar plains beckons.

After that, the thermometer goes on sinking from chapter to

"CAVALRY, EGAD!"

"STRANGE DAYS, strange days — to think that the old 93rd Horse should be careering around in these odd contraptions. Still, the men are of the same stuff — and, by jiminy, I notice that they still smoke my old favourite Murray's. I remember in 1815 enjoying a surreptitious pipeful behind a hayrick near Rougemont . . ."

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chapter. It is well below zero by the time, three hundred and fifty crowded pages later, the last gasp of history is heard in the words:

> The race of arms began in the Danube valley, and wan lips trembled: "Are we headed for another great disaster?" The Danube went on its way, deeply concerned but unable to speak.

If the Danube belongs to the dumb creation, Mr. Lengyel manages to maintain a steady stream of clichés on its behalf long enough for even the strongest lips to turn wan. The result is a work that deserves the epithet "colourful" if ever a book did. Into its pages are packed, hugger-mugger, without proportion or plan, snippets of hectic history, ancient and modern, side by side with gruesome legends and pearls of the guide-book style (how are the Baedekers fallen!) and occasional notes on the present plight of the countries concerned. But these latter oases, alas, are minute and rare, and all between stretches a desert of purple sand, which almost entirely obliterates the real significance of the Danube for our generation, the essential developments which have taken place on its banks and the problems which have to be solved there. And yet, in spite of his passionate preference for the picturesque, it is astonishing what Mr. Lengyel misses. There is only the briefest note about the Wachau, and as for Baroque he seems scarcely aware of its existence, let alone the fact that it is the great churches, monasteries, and palaces of Fischer Von Erlach, Jakob Prandauer and Lucas Von Hildebrandt which form the chief artistic glory of the Austrian Danube, and of Vienna itself. In that city (whose *gemütlichkeit* we learn at last is "joviality") he has eyes only for the massive tastelessness of the Ring buildings. Far more serious, however, are the omissions in the treatment of political and economic questions. Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia get several fat chapters to themselves, while Slovakia is dismissed in three misleading pages, and Bulgaria in two. One might have thought that the history of IMRO would have appealed to Mr. Lengyel as a *raconteur* at least as much as Vlad the Devil and Sturdza the Calf and their like; and that he might have been struck by the fact that Slovakia was a perfect epitome of the revolution which land reform and modern technique have been quietly bringing about in the lives of the majority of the Danubian peasants. Worst of all, in a book where on one page or another the Danube appears as the lifeline of almost everything under the sun, is the failure to deal with the Danube Commissions and the present state of traffic on the river. The European Commission gets one paragraph, the International Commission a few lines at the end of a chapter, though a history of their workings is of basic importance. The great fleets of tankers, barges and tugs, the oil, grain, ores and manufactured products they carry up and down the river, keeping the whole of south-eastern Europe fed with a vital exchange of merchandise, are nowhere even cursorily examined.

Dr. Morant's little book, which has a foreword by Prof. Haldane, is about a quarter the size of *The Danube*, but is inestimably more valuable. It is an attempt to study, on the basis of the latest biometrical data, the truth of the racial claims which make up such a large part of every demagogue's creed between Hamburg and the Black Sea. One startling, and—unless more than one section of the evidence can be successfully challenged—inescapable fact emerges: that no sharp physical distinction can be drawn between the various European peoples as classified by language. The evidence from the blood-group tests is particularly interesting, going to prove that there is a gradual change as one moves westwards from Russia, but nowhere corresponding to language frontiers, and with as marked gradations within such "racial" blocks as those of Hitler's 1938 Reich as anywhere on the map. One is tempted to the conclusion that in many parts of the continent a process similar to that which took place in Bulgaria, where Tartar invaders adopted the language of Slavs they conquered, must have blurred racial "purity" beyond repair long ago. The lesson is that language, from the scientific point of view, is a far from acceptable guide to racial history; from the emotional point of view, unfortunately, the reverse is true. Equally unfortunately, this modest book is not likely to have the slightest effect on the statesmen who make the settlement at the end of the war.

JOHN LEHMANN

Edith Sitwell's Anthology. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

There are a number of questions one should ask of any anthology. What is the principle by which the choice is guided? For what section of the public is it designed? In what way does it differ from other anthologies? Does it fill a gap? And what is its value? Miss Sitwell has been guided only by what principle may be implicit in her own taste as a collector of these poems; and it follows that the book is primarily designed for those readers who are interested in and sympathetic with Miss Sitwell's critical approach. She specially likes poetry that is either glittering or compassionate, and despite a just admiration for Milton and Dryden, she usually does not care for the poems in which the influence of the Greek and Roman classics is most apparent. Thus in her selections from French poetry—a welcome feature—she takes nothing from French poets between Villon and Nerval. Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine and Rimbaud she loves, but she seems indifferent to Malherbe, Racine, Vigny and Lamartine. There are 150 pages of notes at random by way of a critical introduction, in which Miss Sitwell concentrates upon the use of vowels and consonants, relying unduly upon her own associations to illustrate her meaning. These notes are often illuminating. Unluckily, she introduces each of her chosen poets with the over-emphasis of a publicity manager. She is continually being side-tracked: as when she makes a long comparison between a certain "great" modern poet and Milton under the heading of Marlowe. The poets speak without being affected by these letters of introduction. Undeniably this anthology is value for money, and as a bedside book or travelling companion it has the useful merit of variety.

Intimate Sketches from Bird Life. By ERIC HOSKING and C. NEWBERRY. *Country Life.* 5s.

The name of Eric Hosking on any bird book is sufficient to guarantee that it will contain first-class photographs, and *Intimate Sketches from Bird Life* is no exception. Even if there were no letterpress at all, the book would still be an excellent five-shillingsworth. Indeed, some of the letterpress could have been omitted without great loss; as Dr. Julian Huxley points out in the introduction, "the theoretical reflections are hardly up to the level of the observations and the photographs." The temptation to be anthropomorphic in describing the behaviour of the birds has not always been resisted as strongly as it might have been. The birds described and illustrated include the wood-pigeon, little owl, grey wagtail, pied fly-catcher, stone-curlew, woodcock, snipe, partridge and buzzard, and there is a superb colour photograph of a kingfisher. The photographs of the little owl provide further refutation of the charges brought by game-preservers against that newcomer to the ranks of our birds of prey, in that they show the predominantly insectivorous character of the bird, which is shown carrying beetles, moths and earthworms to the nest. The observations on the stone-curlew describe an interesting ceremony in which the brooding cock, when the hen came to relieve him, offered her a small

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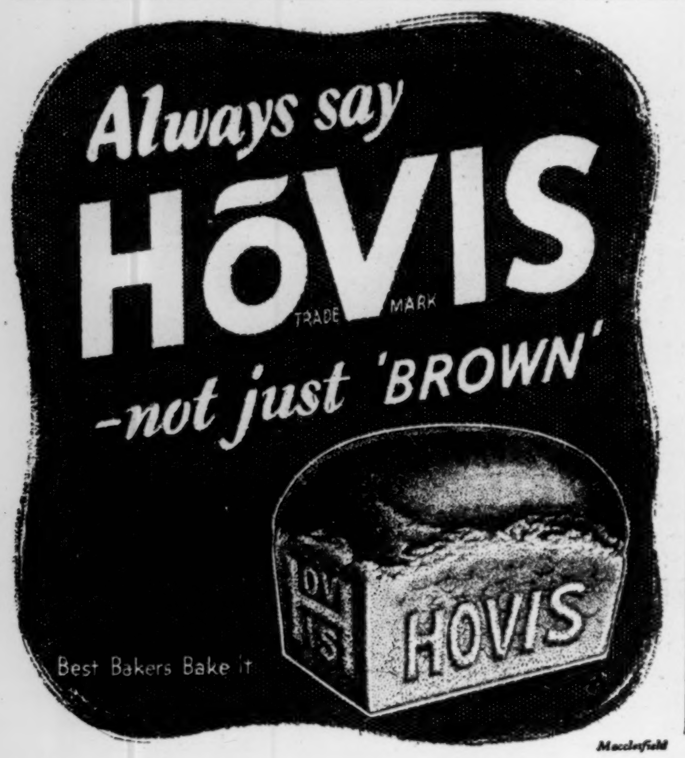
stone, which she accepted. When the cock returned to the nest, he was in turn offered the stone by his mate, but did not take it. The book concludes with some useful hints on the field aspects of bird photography, such as the construction of hides. One is left marvelling as much as ever at the patience, the skill and the endurance of long hours of cramped positions that enable bird photographers to produce such beautiful pictures as the illustrations of this book.

The Eager Years. By LENNOX KERR. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Lennox Kerr, author of the *Glenshiels* novels, has written the story of his life up to the age of thirty when, apparently, he gave up living for writing. By living one means trekking over the Blue Mountains in search of gold; jumping ship at Java or joining tramp jungles in America; leaving for the Arctic with a cake of soap and a pair of socks as the total sum of worldly goods, or even being a liftman in a New York hotel. These are only a few of the incidents which Mr. Kerr managed to crowd into about fifteen years of life. He was also a travelling salesman, barman in a speakeasy, and a dance-hall proprietor: and he got involved in as many fights and in as much trouble as befits a Scotsman of his stature who takes to the sea. Such, in brief, is " the story of a *man's* life," as the book-jacket puts it. The italics do not exaggerate. Mr. Kerr has written his autobiography without modesty and without boastfulness. He does not attempt to show himself tougher than he is: and this unvarnished, if not plain, story has a living and authentic tone. *The Eager Years* will be enjoyed by all those who have to be satisfied with a mere taste for adventure.

The Coal-mining Industry: An International Study in Planning. By J. H. JONES, G. CARTWRIGHT and P. H. GUENAULT. *Pitman.* 16*s.*

Professor Jones and his collaborators have surveyed the recent history of coal-mining, from the standpoint of economic organisation and State intervention, in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Poland, Germany, Canada, and the United States. The British industry is dealt with in much greater detail than the others; and a full account is given of recent legislation, from the Act of 1930, and of the various measures of reorganisation undertaken by the industry itself. The chapters on the remaining countries follow the same line of treatment, and are accompanied by brief statistical sections, presenting a picture of the movements of production and international trade in coal during the post-war period. The effect is to bring out the common character of the forces which have led in one country after another to attempts to regulate by legislation, or with State support, the output, marketing, and prices of the various types of coal, and to compare the varying solutions adopted in the different countries. Professor Jones in a short concluding chapter reflects on these differences, and expresses his preference for the American system of impartial control under Government authority to the British system, which has in effect vested the industry itself with almost complete control over both output and prices. International agreements for the allocation of markets, the special agreements for the reception of British coal in Scandinavia, and the working of import quotas are interestingly described; but there is very little attempt to deal with the labour side of the industry, or with the attempts at international regulation made by the I.L.O. This is a pity; for it leads to a lop-sided treatment of many of the problems which are discussed.



We regret that there was a misprint in the title, *The House of Markku* (Duckworth, 10*s.*) in our review last week. Also we stated the book was 200,000 words long, whereas it is about 160,000. The royalties on the special edition only will be paid to the English Finland Fund. Those on sales of the ordinary edition will go to the author.

BOOKS TO COME

The official Finnish Blue Book dealing with the negotiations with the Soviet that preceded the outbreak of hostilities will be published this week by Harrap under the title, *The Development of Finnish-Soviet Relations.* The book will include the correspondence between the two countries before the war, the texts of the various pacts of non-aggression and the Finnish Declaration of Independence.

Harraps are also publishing (probably on March 7th) *Finland Fights*, by Herbert Elliston, Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Mr. Elliston came to Europe to study neutrality problems and was in Finland at the time of the negotiations with Russia. He knows the country well and was on the frontier at the point where the incident was supposed to have occurred which the Soviets made the excuse for their invasion. In a final chapter he gives his " Observations from Stockholm."

A new volume by George Orwell—*Inside the Whale*—comes from Gollancz on March 11th. It consists of three long essays, one on Dickens, one on boys' " penny dreadfuls "—which appears in this month's *Horizon*—and one on Henry Miller, author of *Tropic of Cancer*, which was published in Paris some while ago but which has not been allowed to see the light in England.

Major C. C. Turner, author of *How the Air Force Defends Us*, coming from Allen and Unwin on March 12th, has had thirty-two years' experience of military and civil flying, was one of the first British air pilots and is now *Daily Telegraph* air correspondent. He deals here with the co-ordination of defence: the relationships of Air Force Fighters, anti-aircraft artillery, the balloon barrage, searchlights, and sound detection of the approach of the enemy, etc.

On the same day Allen and Unwin publish *Economic Basis of a Durable Peace*, by J. E. Meade, a member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations who is at present responsible for the World Economic Survey published annually by the League. He examines the possibility of basing a new international order on divergent national economic systems.

Passion and Society, by Denis de Rougemont, announced by Fabers for March 7th, is described as a history of the rise, decline and fall of the love affair. The publishers' claim, therefore, that it is a subject of great topical interest can hardly be disputed. The author is a young French-Swiss, author of *Politique de la Personne*, a study of the maladies of contemporary society.

Fabers will publish on March 14th *Deadlock War*, by Tom Wintringham, a study based on the view that the present war is the product of a social system; and two further volumes in the *Sesame Library: Some Poems*, by W. H. Auden, and *Selected Poems*, by Louis MacNeice.

Heinemanns announce for March 11th *Return Ticket*, an autobiographical essay by an ex-diplomatist who is a large landowner in the North of England and writes under the pseudonym of George Vandon. The author describes his experiences in youth, at the Front and in diplomacy over a period of forty years which begins at the turn of the century.

The Cambridge University Press are making the 500th anniversary of the invention of printing with movable types which falls this year the occasion of a new edition of H. G. Aldis' *The Printed Book*, revised and brought up to date by E. A. Crutchley and John Carter. Mr. Carter was part author of that master piece of bibliographic detection, *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain XIXth Century Pamphlets.*

Lindsay Drummond announces *The Buckingham Library*, a new series of reprints of books of established reputation now published for the first time at a popular price—6*s.* The series will include history, biography, travel and natural history and all volumes will be illustrated. First titles include *Mountains of the Moon*, by Patrick M. Synge, and *The House of Guise*, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick.

Macmillans announce for March 8th a new novel by Pearl Buck, *Other Gods*, set in the Himalayas, China and America.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 525

Set by Sam Smiles

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best extracts (not more than 20 lines) from a poem in the style of Browning, entitled *The Dictator Orders His Tomb.*

RULES—

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TIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 8th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 523

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for a four-line rhyming epitaph on any regular contributor to The New Statesman and Nation.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

On Friday Great Turnstile trembled, having opened its flank to the attack of its readers; and the heavy pile of envelopes suggested that The New Statesman and Nation must go down before the sheer weight of numbers. As it turned out, there were as many, if not more, bouquets as brickbats, and after the opening ceremony the staff could leave for the week-end purring. Y. Y. was far the most popular corpse, not for his death but for his inspiration, though it was unfortunate that almost all his admirers had thought of the same pun. Miss Sackville-West ran him close, but the muse, as we know, has temporarily forsaken Natural Beauty. Strangely, not politics but art produced the greatest malice. The mild jokes at editorial pinkness paled indeed before the violence of the art critic's enemies, who (under the influence of a recent correspondent, perhaps) drew their imagery largely from the stables. The difficulty of decision was immense. The selection printed below might have been doubled; and, since malice is often amusing even when it is most unfair, I hope distinguished contributors will forgive my including a number which a more strict taste might have excluded. Finally I divided the prizes between F.C., A. K. Milne, and Frank Buckland.

Y. Y.

I lightly covered all the earth
From Arcady to Ind;
May such of it as covers me
As lightly lie on Lynd.
Guy Innes

Here lies a man whose philosophic calm
Spread o'er the page of Life its healing balm
A *man of letters* he was known to fame
As one *too wise* to advertise his name.
Hassall Pitman

He made his own memorial rise,
Column by graceful column,
Too sensible to seem too wise,
Too wise to be too solemn.
"Little Billee"

That we should never think ourselves y y,
With paradox and quip he loved t t us.
Death having closed forever his i i,
Forgivingly we speed his soul g g us.
Richard Hitch

Charming, weekly, witty Y.Y.
Mr. Robert Lynd now lies,
--Lamblike to his kingdom come—
With Elia in Elysium.
"Catkin"

Here lies Y.Y., far-famed,
Who used his pen,
Weekly to sell a tedious paper named,
N.S. and N.
M. C.

He dodged, so long as he had breath,
The rather tedious theme of Death,
Till failing inspiration made it
Inevitable, then essayed it.
Frank Buckland

So Pity speaks to Death: "He shall not die.
"Why do you crave his breath?
Ah say, why, why?"
But, pitiless, to Pity Death replies:
"Because he is too witty, and too wise."
F. C.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

Ars longa, vita brevis est.
Sic transit vita Sackville West
In that quaint garden now a guest
Where upper-class Edwardians rest.
"Surroundus"

Here lies Victoria Sackville-West,
Who used to write so cleverly.
On gardens, flowers, and the rest,
She quite out-Nichol'd Beverley.
J. C. B. Date

Adept in prose and skilled in metre
A grandchild of renowned Pepita
Achieved at last her rural rest
Her country notes V. Sackville-West.
P. Polson

Vita brevis
Art y reste.
A. continued
V. went West.
J. W. F. Hurford

A TAILOR

Hic iacet Goss, in timber draped,
Awaiting the archangel's pleasure,
For Death at last has got him taped,
Because Goss failed to take his measure.
Frank Buckland

CLIVE BELL

"Si pinguis et vis pacem, place Bello."

He strove with some who were not worth his strife,
Quarrels he loved, and next to quarrels, Art,
Gave Euston Road the slanging of their life,
They rose, and he was ready to depart.
Faith Hope

Here lies Clive Bun
Who was shot by a gun
His name was really Bell
But what the Hell!
Paul Robinson

Unique, on earth, in other days
I gave my esoteric praise.
Now all the bells of Heaven vie
In praising God. So how can I?
F. C.

SAGITTARIUS

Politicians will perhaps rejoice
At the stilling of this voice;
The witty archer lying beneath this stone
Has found one arrow sharper than his own.
Ivy Elstob

W. J. TURNER

Musicians praised his verses without stint
And poets thought his notes on music grand;
But how he got his other stuff in print
Was what both parties failed to understand.
G. H. Bosworth

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Kingsley Martin here lies dead,
Every inch a king uncrowned,
He the Intellectuals led
Round and round and round and round.
T. R. Miles

Three contributors are dead
Kingsley, Critic and the Ed.
Taste forbids it to be said
Which puir body was the head.
James Livingstone

He wrote the middle and the end,
He also did the startin',
So sixpence wasn't much to spend
On so much Kingsley Martin.
Anthony Ware

THE COMPETITION WINNERS

Peacefully we Chosen Few
Died. The Devil dared not harm us
Once immortalised by you.
Mortui te salutamus.
T. R. Miles

THE EDITORIAL STAFF

Beneath this plot
The Statesman (New)
Lies. So what?
All statesmen do.
T. R. Miles

CYNICUS

Grieve not for Cynicus beneath this mould;
He recks not now how stocks and shares are sold,
But up aloft his ravished eyes behold
A realm whose every street is paved with gold.
T. R. Barnes

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Here lies the body of Dick (Double) Crossman
University Don with political flair,
Favoured by Fortune, he once took a toss when
Out hunting with hounds, he ran with the hare.
M. C. S.

Whate'er he did, he did it well
Where e'er he went, he shone there
For long enough he worked like hell
And now at last he's gone there.
Stephen Schofield

THE "MOVIES" CRITIC

Here lies a man, who nobly tried
The Public's faltering steps to guide.
Many there were, who hour by hour,
Sat, bored, at something praised by Bower.
J. A. Marwick

JOHN BETJEMAN

(on a floor slab in a church by Butterfield)

Underneath encaustic tiles,
Flanked by polished Gothic aisles,
Varnished pine your roof above
Lie in peace with what you love.
M. S.

ALLAN M. LAING

Lest auld acquaintance be forgot
This epitaph of mine
Is carved above this silent spot
By way of auld Laing's sign.
Guy Innes

To A. M. Laing, no longer living,
The little band of striving brothers
Accord their thanks that now he's giving
A chance to win a prize to others.
C. E. Rathbone

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Mrs. Woolf has passed away;
Rather early, one might say,
Considering Orlando's prime
Took such a devil of a time.
Charles Furbank

PRIZES

ON ANY REVIEWER

Shouldst thou maintain that I am humbled now,
Who wait the awful Day, my friend, thou liest.
I hope to meet my Maker brow to brow,
And find my own the highest.
F. C.

TOM HARRISSON

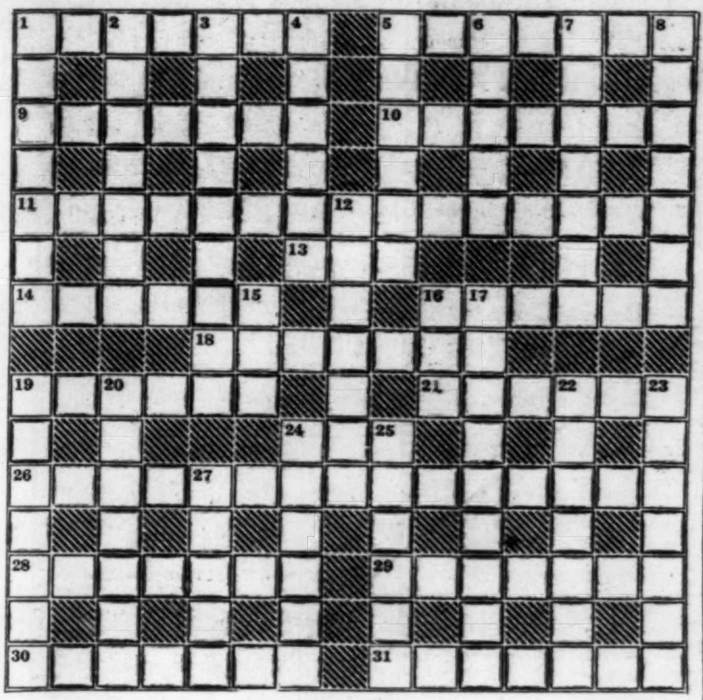
We buried Tom all proper, with his Mass-Observer's badge,
And his notebooks—there were twenty thousand odd;
And he'd not been dead a week when a Report arrived for Madge;
Heaven's 39.4 per cent. pro-God
A. K. Milne

CYRIL CONNOLLY

Few from his scorn were long exempt;
My work he found beneath contempt;
Now lies he with the lowly dead,
And finds my work above his head.
Frank Buckland

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 521

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of he first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later han first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to 'CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
E. D. Hake, 24 Park Avenue, Bedford

ACROSS

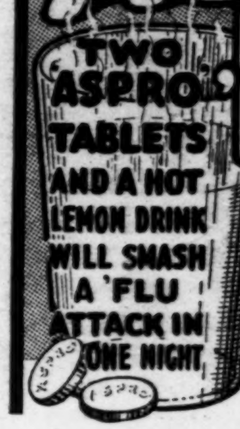
1. The struggles of the remnant? (7)
5. Happily expressed on Natal Day. (7)
9. Waterland? (7)
10. Got up quickly after being thrown. (7)
11. Athenian who could hardly have reached the top of his profession. (15)
13. "And tell — stories of the death of kings." (3)
14. The insect that took the wrong turning. (6)
16. An expensive alteration at the end of the street. (6)
18. For tea in the stable? (7)
19. He would smell you out and badger you. (6)
21. What the turnstiles are when it's a frost? (6)
24. Men who are always agreeable. (3)
26. My lady's millinery bill? (15)
28. "Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal, Lighted by the —ing moonlight." (7)
29. Time can change it. (7)
30. It overshadows the viewfinder. (7)
31. Defaulted, as it were. (7)

DOWN

1. Don't do it to it, lest it retaliate. (7)
2. Possibly the same as 20. (7)
3. Not the country for the stiff-necked. (9)
4. Eileen would no doubt find such slopes agreeable. (6)
5. Describes the dorsal vertebrae. (6)
6. Old time ultimate. (5)
7. This should be the patient aim. (7)
8. Horse's name for one of the shafts? (7)
12. Born in shady circumstances? (7)
15. Greek cross bone. (3)
16. The understanding of many a Finnish soldier. (3)
17. A trying theory. (9)
19. Return to users. (7)
20. Not the place to get the wind up. (7)
22. She was said to have great expectations on an October day 135 years ago. (7)
23 (rev.). The Negro trials? (7)
24. This herb can be a worry. (6)
25. "Each sufferer says his say, his — of the weal and woe." (6)
27. Always finds his pigeon hole. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A	■	I	■	C	■	S	A	N	D	S	T	O	R	M
G	U	M	B	O	I	L	■	■	R	■	U	■	I	■
R	■	P	■	R	■	O	■	M	I	D	R	A	S	H
E	Y	E	B	R	O	W	■	■	V	■	P	■	O	■
E	■	T	■	O	■	T	■	D	E	S	E	R	T	S
A	S	U	N	D	E	R	■	■	R	■	T	■	T	■
B	■	S	■	E	■	A	R	T	S	C	H	O	O	L
L	■	■	■	■	■	I	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	O
E	Y	E	O	P	E	N	E	R	■	O	■	P	■	S
■	E	■	F	■	R	■	■	M	A	R	P	L	O	T
T	W	O	F	O	O	T	■	I	■	T	■	E	■	C
■	T	■	S	■	T	■	■	N	E	O	L	I	T	H
T	R	A	I	L	E	D	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	O
■	E	■	D	■	M	■	■	L	E	A	N	D	E	R
T	E	N	E	M	E	N	T	S	■	N	■	S	■	D


TWO 'ASPRO' TABLETS AND A HOT LEMON DRINK WILL SMASH A 'FLU ATTACK IN ONE NIGHT
ASPRO
ASPRO

'ASPRO' BANISHES FLU IN ONE NIGHT

Thousands of people have proved that 'ASPRO' will definitely smash up a 'flu attack in one night. So why get the 'flu? Why not try 'ASPRO' as soon as you feel the 'flu coming on? If you could foresee the complications—the lying up—the loss of time—the depression—feverishness and weakness that can be avoided by taking 'ASPRO' at the inception of the 'flu attack, you WOULD NOT HESITATE A MOMENT. To prevent 'flu you must act. If you act by taking 'ASPRO' you obtain quick-action results. Two 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink will definitely smash up the 'flu attack in one night. Be forewarned—be prepared by keeping 'ASPRO' handy. Furthermore :—

ORDINARY COLDS – RHEUMATISM AND WINTER ACHES AND PAINS YIELD TO IT TOO

'ASPRO' BEATS COUNTY CLARE 'FLU WAVE

Cragroe Cross,
Tulla, Co. Clare.
Sirs,

As a "thank offering" to 'ASPRO' which did wonderful work here during a bad spell of 'flu, I have placed your cards prominently in the shop ever since. I explained about 'ASPRO' (whose value I had previously known myself) to people who had never heard of it here in the midst of the hills of Clare, and for some time now they have known it as a friend. Alas! March scarcely ever leaves us without 'flu in these particular surroundings—so I am keeping some 'ASPRO' on hand.

Yours faithfully,
JULIA O'CONNOR (Mrs.).

STOPS SORE THROAT OVERNIGHT

Southgate, London, N.14
Dear Sirs,

I thought I would like you to know how your wonderful 'ASPROS' have helped me. The other week I had a sore throat and headache and felt terrible. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon and also gargled with two and the next morning I felt as fit as a fiddle. I have tried other brands but none of them come up to 'ASPRO.'

Yours gratefully, MRS. G. M.

YOU CAN'T BEAT 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS

195 Heath Street, Winson Green,
Birmingham, 8.
Dear Sirs,

I am writing to thank you for 'ASPRO'. I had a bad cold and you can't beat 'ASPRO' for colds, nerves and bad headaches. I have taken them and recommended them for years.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. M. BAILEY (Mrs.).

HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

For sore throat, tonsillitis, etc., put two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle with the mixture. The tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which adhere to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic healing effect at the root of the trouble.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war

3D 6D 1/3 2/6